BEGINNING—**PRETTY SADIE McKEE** BY **VINA DELMAR**
THE STORY OF ANOTHER "BAD GIRL"

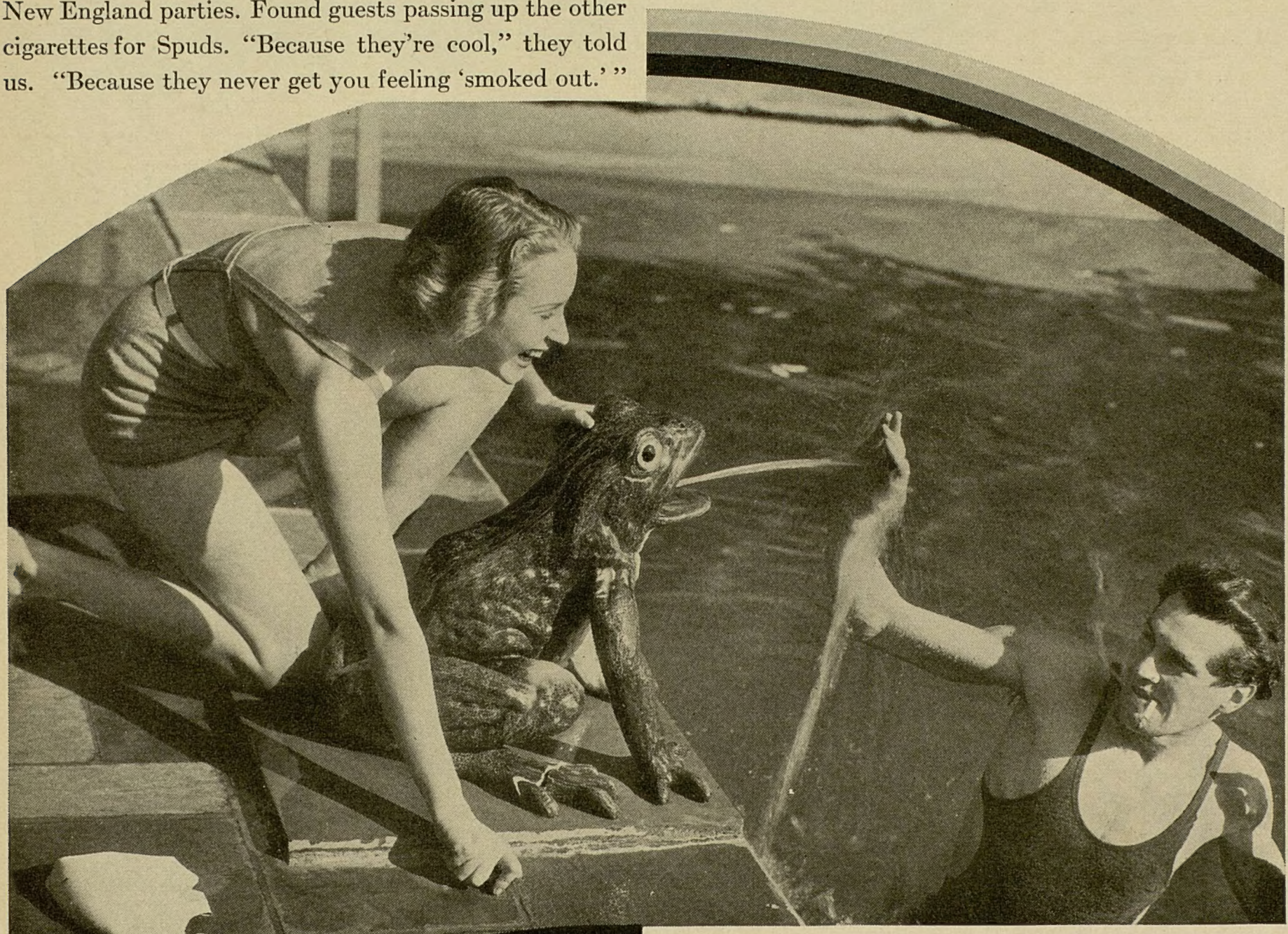
JUNE 24, 1933

Liberty

5¢

Do you LET LOOSE on week-ends?

Do you make up for lost time on week-ends? Do you cram tennis, swimming, dancing (and countless cigarettes) into two or three all-too-short days? . . . This may give you an idea! We've checked on smart New England parties. Found guests passing up the other cigarettes for Spuds. "Because they're cool," they told us. "Because they never get you feeling 'smoked out.' "



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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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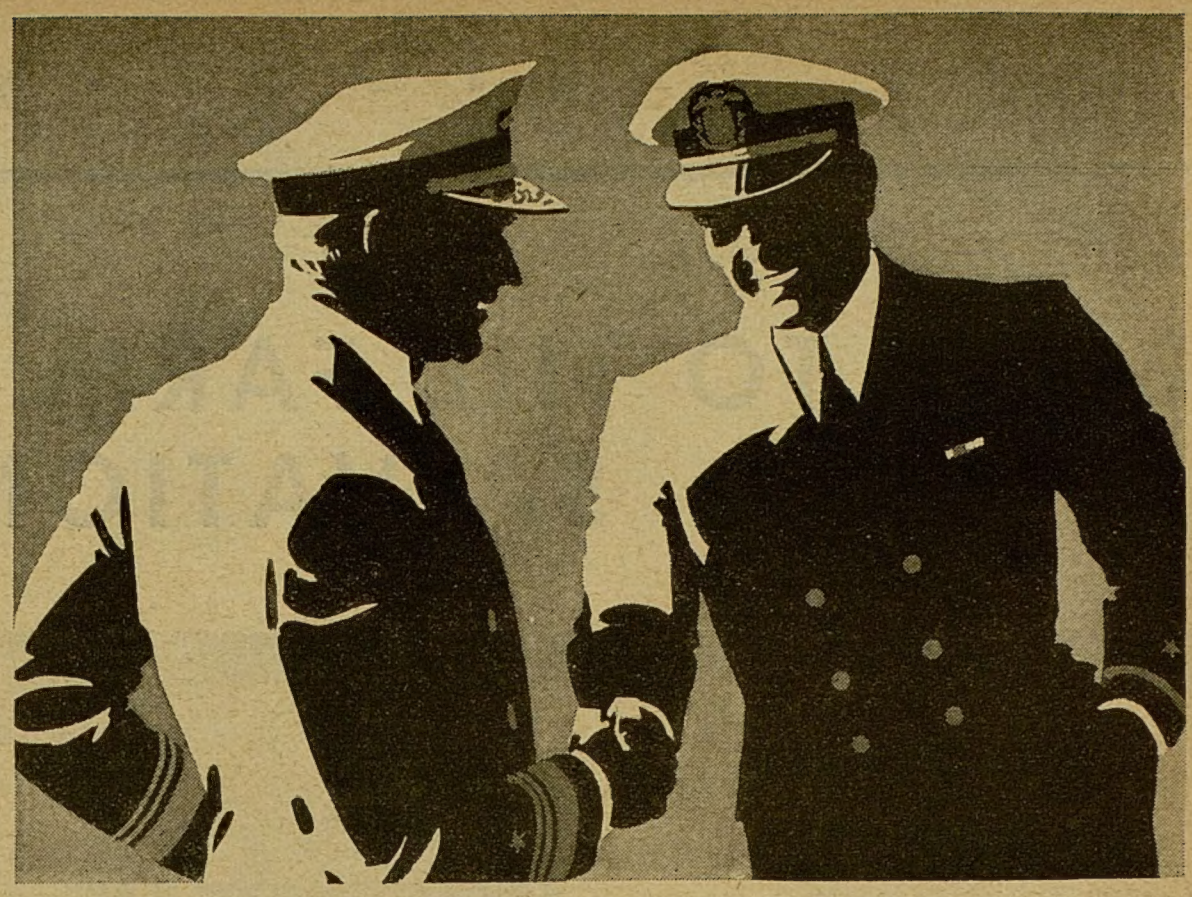

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of the Palmolive Coupon Clippers' Club!"

Millions have clipped the coupon below—we invite you to clip it and join our club—discover the modern way to shave by accepting 10 days' supply.

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(Please print your name and address)

JUNE 24, 1933

Liberty

VOL. 10, NO. 25

BERNARR MACFADDEN PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

BACK TO THE FARM OUR ONLY SALVATION

AGAIN and again the writer has called attention to the imperative need of sending the unemployed workers back to the farm.

All over the country at the present time demonstrations are being made as to the value of this procedure. There have been practically no failures except in occasional individual instances.

Just recently one hundred families, victims of unemployment, were placed on Georgia farms by the Forward Georgia, Inc., Committee coöperating with the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce.

These families were entirely dependent upon charity, and it is announced that today ninety per cent of them have become entirely self-supporting.

Now the writer is wondering just how many instances of successful use of this method are essential to awaken the leaders of our relief agencies to the value of this effective method of handling the unemployment problem.

They must certainly be deaf, dumb, and blind if they are unable to deduce conclusions from premises that are so unmistakable.

The cost in Georgia of sending these families to the land was from fifty to seventy-five dollars a family. Let us say, for example, that the cost would be from five to ten times this amount—it would still be less than it would take to keep a family on a dole for six months or a year.

In other words, if those who are controlling our relief funds at the present time were to make effective use of this back-to-the-land procedure they could use an amount sufficient to cover the relief fund for a period of six months or a year and thereby relieve themselves permanently of the terrific cost associated with continuous support.

There is fertile land, millions of acres, in various parts of the country. The owners of these lands in many instances would be glad to give away every other plot merely to have it occupied. Furthermore, they could well afford to give away every other plot, because the value of the intervening plots would increase to such an extent that they would have the price of the land ultimately more than returned to them.

Can anything really be done to awaken the executives of our relief agencies to their imperative duty under the circumstances?

Or is graft so rampant in relief work that there is no possible chance of placing it on an honest basis?

The dole is a ruinous procedure. It lowers human standards; devitalizes the body, mind, and soul. Body and character become soft and flabby.

National destruction stares us in the face if something cannot be done to rid ourselves effectively of the charity racket.

And the only sensible way to do it is to send the victims of unemployment back to the land where they can become self-supporting.

The agricultural industry has fought this back-to-the-land movement; but where families are sent back to the land who simply raise the food that is necessary for their own sustenance, the agricultural interests certainly cannot be affected.

Furthermore, this nation is doomed to destruction if so large a part of our population is compelled to subsist on charity.

Work, and only work, should be the means of obtaining the source of support. The back-to-the-land movement will solve the problem, and there should be a dominating demand for the adoption of this procedure. It should become a slogan that is reiterated again and again until our bread lines will be disseminated and the starving families, victims of unemployment, are given a chance to win back their self-respect out in the country in God's pure air.

Remember, the same amount of money necessary to support the dependents of unemployment relief for six months or a year will make them self-supporting indefinitely when sent to the land.

That is a statement that can be definitely proved, and it points the way to the proper and effective means of expending relief funds.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Program for a Successful Summer

Right ahead, now, lie the welcome months of outdoor living; days of sunshine, nights of great stars—the *quarter* of the year toward which most people point their lives. Why not do all you can to make it a season of *happiness?*

Maybe long, quiet trails will lure your roadster into a new land, or your thoughts leap toward a breeze-filled sail on the Summer sea. You'll study travel maps and little inn folders; you'll adore the gay new fabrics for pretty frocks; but *most of all* you'll want to make sure of a lovely, *young*, natural *complexion.*

And *that's* where *Coty* can so capably help you! Coty *matches* every complexion type, and offers powder *texture* so *smooth* that it *amazes* new users. You ought to *feel* and *examine* Coty powder *texture.* You'll be *surprised* at its *fineness!* In Summer, with active exercise and increased temperature, you can apply your Coty *powder*—and enjoy the serene content of *knowing* that your face isn't *noticeably* "*powdered.*"

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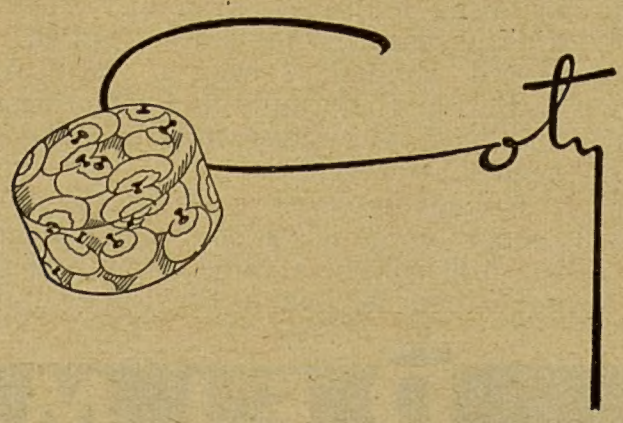

BEGINNING

Pretty

A Novel That Will Clutch Your Heart: The Story of Another "Bad Girl"

Illustrations by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

BY VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 33 minutes 10 seconds.)

PART ONE—BABES IN THE CITY

SHE wished that she hadn't come to the court room to hear the case tried. It gave her a strange, sickening sensation, as though someone had fastened a tight, broad strap across her temples. Tommy was on the witness stand. He was as much at home there as he was in the chintz-covered chair over at her house. She wished that just once he would become slightly nervous and flustered. Only a very smug person is at ease on a witness stand.

The pale rays of the winter sun filtered into the court room through dim and dusty windowpanes. A shaft of sunlight fell directly across Tommy's head, pointing up the brightness of his taffy-colored hair and the guilelessness of his young, handsome face. Handsome was a word that the townspeople never used. They said that Tommy was "good-looking." He was tall and slim and he walked as though he owned every inch of the town. He was so good-looking that the Fullers never let their daughters stop at Jepson's for gasoline since Tommy had been working there. He was so good-looking that there wasn't a man in town who liked him. He was so good-looking that nobody ever noticed that he had a weak chin.

"And now, Mr. Wallace, tell us in your own words just what happened on the night of October twelfth."

Tommy's nice candid blue eyes met those of his lawyer and then politely wandered to the judge and thence to the jury and last of all to the broad expanse of faces beyond the golden-oak railing. Nobody must feel left out. He was telling his story to the whole town.

"Well, on the night of October twelfth I finished work in the filling station about eleven thirty and walked down the street to get a bite to eat at Marcus's Coffee Pot. Henry Stone and a couple of friends of his came and sat at the counter right alongside of me. They—"

"Just a minute. Had you expected to find them there?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"I mean had an appointment been arranged?"

"No. They just came and sat with me."

"Very well. Proceed."

"They asked me right away if we had had a good day. I didn't think anything of that, so I said, 'Sure, we had a good day.' Then Henry asked me how much I thought we had taken in. I still didn't think anything funny was on his mind, so I said I imagined about four hundred dollars. Then they asked me if Mr. Jepson took it home with him at night, and I said sure he did. One of the guys said, 'That's pretty brave of the old fellow, at that.' And Henry said, 'Well, he carries a gun.' And without thinking I pipes up and says, 'No, he don't carry a gun.' Then somebody says something about something else and Henry and his friends drift away and I go home and go to bed. The next thing that I hear is that Mr. Jepson got stuck up on his way home."

"How did you hear of the holdup?"

"My landlady heard it from somebody and she woke me up about half past seven next morning to tell me."

"I see. Now, Mr. Wallace, is it true that in Marcus's Coffee Pot, Henry Stone asked you point-blank whether or not Mr. Jepson carried a gun and that you responded in these words, 'What's it worth to you to know?'"

"It's a lie!" Tommy shouted.

"And that he then handed you twenty dollars and you said, 'It's O. K. There's no gun'?"

"It's a lie," Tommy said again.

"Now, Mr. Wallace, on the morning of October thirteenth you told Officer Burkhardt about the questions you had been asked by Henry Stone and his two friends. You suspected they were the men who had held Mr. Jepson up. Are those men in court now?"

"Yes, they are."

"Where?"

"Right there."

"You positively identify these two men as Henry Stone's companions on the night of October twelfth?"

"I do. They are Lloyd Thompson and Harry Smith."

"You may stand down, Mr. Wallace."

Tommy came down from the witness stand smiling, and the broad, tight strap across Sadie McKee's temples seemed to be biting into her flesh. A fellow's got to think of himself first in this world, but Tommy had gone to school with Lloyd and Harry. They had been kids together. Perhaps he had felt in duty bound to snitch, but he didn't have to smile as he did it. Besides, there was the matter of that twenty dollars— But that was unthinkable. Tommy hadn't done that. He wouldn't do such a thing. He was on the level and he was right about telling Burkhardt all he knew.

THAT was just the thing he should have done. He was a good citizen and he didn't let sentiment interfere with duty. He should have done every single thing that he did do. What did it matter that Lloyd Thompson was looking at Tommy now with wondering, reproachful eyes as though to say— What did it matter what Lloyd's eyes were trying to say? She was proud of Tommy. He had done his duty. And quite suddenly and unaccountably Sadie McKee was sick at her stomach.

Sadie's mother had been housekeeper for the Aldersons up in their big house on the hill. Maybe she'd been a good housekeeper. Maybe not. At any rate, when Mr. Alderson brought his second bride to the house he had discharged Sadie's mother. The new Mrs. Alderson was bringing her own servants. They had been with her fifteen years. They were English. Mrs. Alderson preferred English servants. Mr. Alderson hoped that Sadie's mother would find something nice to do real soon and here was three months' wages and any time she needed a reference—

Nobody in town except the Aldersons employed a housekeeper, so Sadie's mother had walked out of the house on the hill looking a trifle dazed and frightened. She had gone then as cook to the Fuller family, but that hadn't

Sadie McKee

In a cottage by the railroad tracks there was a girl named Sadie McKee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

lasted. The Fullers paid badly and tried to work Sadie, although that had been no part of the agreement. Sadie had been twelve then, and the Fullers thought that she would look cute serving the after-dinner coffee. After all, they were feeding her and giving her a bed, weren't they? Sadie's mother walked out on them. They had forgotten that Sadie's bed and board were being paid for with the twenty dollars a month they had whittled off their cook's wages when she had mentioned Sadie.

Sadie's mother had gone as laundress to the Carltons, but Mr. Carlton drank. He came home cursing his family and crashing into furniture and frightening Sadie.

Sadie's mother tried many places, but they didn't work out, so one day she rented a little four-room cottage over near the railroad tracks for herself and Sadie. She squared her thin shoulders and raised her little pointed jaw an inch higher in the air and went out as a day worker. Fifty cents an hour the people paid and Sadie at last had a home of her own.

The going wasn't easy for a widow in this world. Especially a widow with a child. Somebody might have married her had she been alone. Sadie's mother didn't want anybody to marry her. She had something more helpful than a man. She had courage and faith. She had never weighed more than a hundred pounds in her life. People looked at her and wondered from whence came the strength that kept her going from dawn to dark scrubbing and polishing. She would laugh when they asked her. Her laughter, like her form, carried an illusion of youth. She would laugh and with a wet red hand push the hair back from her dull gray-green eyes. It was a dream that bore her on through the hard days when her back ached and her feet were feverish and crying for rest. It was a dream, so how could she tell them?

ON the hill in the Aldersons' home there was a young man. His name was Michael. He was rich and handsome and as bright as a diamond. He bore a noble name and carried himself so that bereft of his fine clothes the world would still know him for a gentleman.

And in a cottage by the railroad tracks there was a girl named Sadie McKee. Her dark hair fell in thick curling masses to her waistline, and her eyes were deep blue and they looked squarely and bravely out into the world. Her mouth was red and soft, and she was beautiful.

Some day Sadie and Michael would marry. They were made for each other. Sadie would not be small like her mother. She would grow tall and her body would be slim and straight so that the world would speak of the magnificence of Michael and Sadie Alderson.

And that was the dream. And at eighteen Sadie had grown to look as her mother had known she would look. And then Tommy Wallace came.

Sadie's mother liked Tommy. He was a nice boy, but he wasn't fit for Sadie. Nobody except Michael Alderson was fit for Sadie. Still, if Sadie loved Tommy, then she should have him. The decision must be Sadie's, for Sadie must be happy. The dream had only been dreamed for Sadie's happiness. It had never once occurred to Sadie's mother that if Michael and Sadie married she would do no more scrubbing in other people's houses. She wanted none of the Alderson money for herself. She wanted it for Sadie. Sadie knew that, and she did not laugh when her mother sat in the cottage by the railroad tracks and sang the praises of the young man on the hill. She did not laugh, and on the day that she first knew for certain how much Tommy meant to her she felt as though she had failed her mother. She knew that it was right and natural for her to care for Tommy. He was a man who worked at a filling station and she was a cleaning woman's daughter, and the gulf between herself and Michael Alderson was wider than the Pacific. Besides, she didn't want Michael Alderson. She wanted Tommy. But in all fairness to the beautiful dream she should have yearned for Michael, and after a time her fine character and nobility of spirit would have finally won him, and her mother's favorite romance could have come to a satisfying end. But she wanted Tommy and would have been only dimly aware of Michael's existence had he not been her mother's household god.

Sadie's mother asked her not to marry Tommy—not for a while anyhow. She was so young. There was time. Sadie had promised a year. Would that be all right? Yes, wait a year.

Sadie saw Michael Alderson often. He flashed by in his long, slim car and smiled. He did not always smile because he recognized the person on the curb. He smiled because he knew the person on the curb recognized him. And sometimes Sadie was at Jepson's talking to Tommy when Michael stopped there for gas.

"Copy this address. The second one." He opened the book and left it in front of Tommy, then hastened away to take the order of an elderly gentleman.

She would be close enough to him then to see the shining white evenness of his teeth when he smiled.

He would say, " Hello, Sadie. How is your mother? "

You see he was an aristocrat, so he could remember her name and that she and he had played together in the Alderson gardens when her mother worked in the big house.

She would say, " Hello. Mama's fine."

He would smile again and then drive away. Nothing there to make one believe that the heir to the Alderson millions was in love with the daughter of his father's ex-housekeeper. Nothing there to make one believe that Sadie's heart beat faster because he had smiled at her. A poor foundation upon which to build one's greatest dream, all this. Sadie would walk back to Tommy and take up her conversation regarding the dance at the American Legion, and Michael would drive on. It was unpromising material for a happy ending, but Sadie's mother didn't know how unpromising it was. She had asked Sadie to wait a year, but what she really meant was, " Please don't marry Tommy. Wait for Michael to notice how perfect you are."

And now Sadie didn't see Michael Alderson at all except when he sped by her in his car. She was never around Jepson's any more. Mr. Jepson fired Tommy after the trial in the courthouse.

" Not that I really believe that you knew the holdup was going to happen, Wallace, like a lot of people say you did. But my nephew is out of work and I'm bringing him down here. You see how it is. Blood is thicker than water." Mr. Jepson laughed so that he and Tommy would part friends.

But the nephew never materialized and a fellow named Joe Hess got Tommy's job in the filling station.

Nobody else in town believed that Tommy had advance knowledge of the holdup. He asked a lot of people if they thought he had been in on it and they all said no, but Tommy couldn't get another job. Nobody seemed to need

Most times she just sat and listened as he played. She was not a talkative girl. Words were treacherous things.

help. He had never had trouble getting work before. Maybe it was because they thought he wanted too high a wage. He reduced his demands to fifteen dollars a week, but nobody wanted him. He was not worried. He'd get something.

Night after night he sat in the front room in Sadie's house and sang as he picked out melodies on a ukulele. He liked to hear himself sing and play. He was not disheartened by the fact that he was broke. He could still laugh, and every time he did, Sadie remembered that Henry and Harry and Lloyd had been sent away for ten years. There was no connection between Tommy's laughter and the well deserved fate of three hoodlums, but just the same she remembered them every time Tommy laughed.

Most times she just sat and listened as he played. She was not a talkative girl. Words were treacherous things. Sadie had never learned to like them or trust them. But sometimes he earned a word of praise and she would have felt mean if she hadn't given it. As on the night he had discovered how to play I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby. They had heard it for the first time the night before. It was a brand-new song on the radio and Sadie had said she liked it. Now for a whole hour he had been fooling around, striking one chord and then another and singing quietly to himself.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Just messing around." He always said that when he was practicing something new. And then quite suddenly he had had enough rehearsals and the tiny room was filled with his high sweet voice and the thin vibrations of the ukulele:

"I can't give you anything but love, baby;
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby—"

Sadie was pleased. "Gee, you're clever!" she said.

"Clever? What? Because I can pound that out on a ukulele? That ain't being clever. I just have kind of a feeling for music."

She smiled at him. "You got a feeling for all kinds of things like music, haven't you?"

"What's like music?" he asked her.

"Oh, dancing and laughing and saying funny things."

"Saying funny things is like music?"

SHE nodded, but he wasn't watching. He had found a new chord and was painstakingly stretching his fingers to sound it clearly.

"Listen to this," he ordered. "Don't this sound better?

"That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby."

Sadie shook her head unhappily. "I don't see any difference," she said. "I haven't got any feeling for music."

He looked up at her and smiled. "You don't have to have, Sadie. You're so good-looking you don't have to have anything."

She knew why he had said that. He was getting so much fun out of the ukulele that he pitied her for not knowing how to play. He had said something nice to sort of make up to her for what she was missing.

She wanted to let him know that she thought that was sweet of him but she couldn't think of anything to say, so she let it go.

He had put the ukulele aside and had taken her hand. He wanted to kiss her now. She didn't want him to kiss her. Not that Tommy's kisses weren't welcome, but mama was in the next room. She would know by the sudden quiet that Tommy was kissing Sadie. She would be reminded that her dream was foolish and hopeless,

and mama had so little out of life.

"Don't, Tommy."

"Why not?"

"Because." He wouldn't understand if she told him.

"Don't you love me?"

She smiled. Love was a silly word. It meant anything a person wanted it to mean, so it was silly. Sadie read the newspapers. She knew. A woman murders her husband and shrieks, "I loved him!" A man fools a young girl, she takes poison, and the man says, "I loved her." A mother holds her son from his sweetheart and his career and tells the reporters, "I love my child." It was a word too freely used to be of any value. It even had a silly sound. L-luvv. You could roll it around on your tongue like twenty-for-a-penny lozenges. She patted Tommy's hand. He must know from that.

"Sadie?"

"Mm."

"Will you ask them down at the store if they can work me in anywhere?"

"Sure."

"Promise?"

"Of course." She wondered what Mr. Krassen would say when she asked him about Tommy. She knew that the girl who worked with her in the hat department had gotten her brother in the store. He was down in the men's furnishings. Sadie couldn't imagine Tommy in the store. Maybe though. She'd ask.

SHE asked, but Mr. Krassen said, "You're a good girl, Sadie. Go sell your hats and don't ask favors of me and I'll ask none from you."

"I'm not asking favors, Mr. Krassen. Tommy Wallace would work for his money."

"Like he worked for Jepson, heh? Go sell your hats, Sadie."

Sadie had to think very hard of mama scrubbing Mrs. Brownley's floors to keep from telling Mr. Krassen what she thought of him. Him and his lousy old tenth-rate, two-story, one-horse-town store. It wasn't good enough for Tommy to even walk into. If it weren't for mama she'd tell Krassen that he and the rest of the business men in town were doing their best to make a bum out of Tommy. If they wouldn't give him a job how did they expect him to live? They were trying to force him to go crooked. Crooked? How did she come to think of such a thing? Tommy wouldn't go crooked. He wasn't that kind of a boy.

She never knew who gave him the idea, but one night Tommy said, "It's no good, Sadie. I can't get a job here. I'm going to blow this town."

For a moment her heart stopped beating. There was a breathless instant when the room seemed to slant away from her and she felt herself sliding into a black bottomless pit of emptiness. Then he said, "As soon as I get a job I'll send for you."

"Where do you figure on going?"

"New York."

Folks, Barbasol sure is flattered

by

"Singin' Sam"

IMITATION, as the old copy books tell us, is the sincerest flattery.

That bein' the case, Barbasol certainly ought to feel flattered 'most to death.

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Take a tip from your old friend Singin' Sam—the cream that does the job is the one that's made by folks who *believe* in this way of shavin', heart and soul. And I don't have to tell you who that is—everybody knows it's the Barbasol people.

Fact is, Barbasol is so soothing and healing that a lot of folks use it for *sunburn.*

So if you want the coolest, slickest, quickest shave a man ever treated his face to, the way to get it is the same way that smart shavers have been following for fifteen years. Step up to any drug store counter and get that red, white and blue Barbasol package—and you'll be singin' in the bathroom just like your old pal Sam.

THE BARBASOL COMPANY
Indianapolis, Indiana

TUNE IN

Singin' Sam, Every Monday, WABC and Columbia Network, 8 P. M., E. D. S. T.

New York. It was a big city with high buildings and roaring underground trains and hundreds of thousands of houses. He could get lost there and she'd never find him again.

There were scores and scores of streets and millions of people. The millions of people would laugh at a girl roaming the scores and scores of streets asking, "Have you seen Tommy?" New York was only a hundred miles away but she had never seen it and had never wanted to see it.

"New York?" she said. "Sure. That's a good idea."

"I figure I'm a fool to stick around here. It isn't as though I had a family or a home. I got nothing but a little room here and I can get that in New York too. I'll get a job there easy enough and then you can come down when I get some money saved."

"Sure."

"In the meantime I can run up here on a Sunday every once in a while."

"When do you figure on going?"

"About the end of the week. No use in stalling as long as my mind's made up."

"That's right."

"Will you miss me?"

"Sure," she said and burst into quick laughter.

It was such a silly question. Would she miss him!

It was snowing out. She looked past the sickly little fern that struggled for life on the window sill and out at the falling snowflakes. She thought of them falling on the scores and scores of streets and the high buildings and the millions of people.

"How much money have you got?" she asked him.

"I got my fare to New York, and about a week's rent on a cheap room and maybe six or seven dollars to eat on."

"Is that all you got?"

"That's enough. I'll get a job right away. New York's a big town."

"I know it," she said.

"I'll bet you I'll get along good there."

"Sure. Will you write me letters?"

"Certainly I will. Every week."

"That'll be swell. I never get any letters."

"You don't seem to mind me going very much."

"Huh? Anybody'd think you were going to Europe to listen to you."

"I might if I don't make out in New York."

She said, "You'd need more money than you've got." And because he didn't reply immediately she added breathlessly, "Wouldn't you?"

"No, I could go as a dishwasher maybe or a deck boy."

She turned her eyes away from his face and looked back at the snow.

"I could speak to Mr. Krassen again," she said in a low voice.

"I wouldn't take a job now from anybody in town. I'm all hopped up over this idea of going to New York."

She said, "Oh," and kept on looking at the falling snow.

IT was all settled. Tommy was leaving for New York Sunday afternoon. He had wanted to go Saturday so that he could have Sunday to look over the big town, for on Monday afternoon at the latest he was sure to be at work. Sadie had made him postpone his departure till Sunday afternoon at five o'clock. He must have Sunday dinner with her.

So Tommy was there for the noonday meal Sunday and Sadie's mother roasted a leg of lamb and baked a pie and had two kinds of vegetables and sweet potatoes and a salad. It was a good dinner and Sadie kept pressing more and more food upon Tommy—almost as though she hoped to fill him permanently so that he would never be hungry.

Sadie's mother looked at Tommy and saw that his eyes were bright with eagerness for the coming adventure. He ate, taking keen delight in his food, and his spirits were high and his laughter frequent.

She looked at Sadie's plate and saw that the food there had hardly been tasted. She had been crying, too. Her mother could tell. For three days now Sadie had wandered about with heavy eyes beneath which pale violet shadows lay. Why hadn't Tommy left sooner? Once he was gone Sadie would adjust herself. But she was facing her first real sorrow bravely. And without whining. Not even Tommy, with his goodly share of conceit, guessed what she felt. Sadie's mother knew, for she had watched Sadie wander from room to room in the little house and heard her singing. Sadie always sang off key and she hated her own voice. She only sang when she couldn't bear silence.

VINA DELMAR

is the author of Bad Girl, Kept, and other novels and short stories, and made her first bow as a writer in Liberty. Her transition from a movie usher to one of the best known writers in America within a few short years has been phenomenal. She is married, has one son, and lives in suburban New York when she isn't in Hollywood.

"Won't you have another piece of pie, Tommy?"

"No, thanks, Mrs. McKee. Honest, I'm stuffed."

So the dinner came to an end. Sadie's mother made Sadie go into the parlor with Tommy. She could do the dishes alone. She liked to do them alone. Sadie was in her way. Besides, Sadie and Tommy must have last-minute things they wanted to say to each other.

THEY thought they must have, too, but when they faced each other in the little cretonne-hung room neither could think of a thing to say. Tommy lit a cigarette and Sadie looked out the window. The snow was deep and it was dirty now. The sky was gray.

"I wonder if it snowed in New York," Tommy said.

"I don't know."

"Well, I'll write and let you know whether it did or not." He laughed.

"Yeh, I'll be dying to know." She laughed.

They fell silent and listened to the noises from the kitchen. The cover of the garbage pail clanging as it fell to the floor. A window groaning as it was closed.

"I think I'll go, Sadie."

She threw a frightened look at the clock on the mantel. "Go? Why, it's only three o'clock."

"Yeh, but I have to go back to the house. Mrs. Lewis washed a couple of shirts out for me and she hadn't ironed them yet. That's why I didn't bring my suitcase down and get right on the train from here."

"Oh."

"I'll take a run up to the house and get them, see? I'll stick them in the suitcase and drop back here to say so long. O. K.?"

"O. K."

He kissed her lightly on the cheek and picked up his hat and coat. The hat he set carelessly on his yellow hair. The coat he threw over his arm.

"Put the coat on, Tommy," she said.

"I will."

"Put it on here. Not outside. You'll take cold."

He put the coat on and went out. She watched him walk down the street. He was whistling.

For a time she stood at the window staring out at the gray bleakness. Then she turned back to the room and began to walk quietly up and down. Her mother came in from the kitchen.

"Has he gone?" she asked in surprise.

"He'll be back."

"Oh." Sadie's mother sat down and watched Sadie pace the tiny room. "Rest yourself, Sadie."

"I can't."

"He's only going a hundred miles away, Sadie."

"Does New York seem close to you, mama?"

"Sure it does. It's only a hundred miles away."

"But it's big and crowded and anything can happen there."

"Yet most of the people probably raise families and go to the movies and work hard just as we do here."

"It wouldn't scare you, mama, to have someone you cared for fighting for a living in New York?"

"No more than it would scare me to have them fighting

for one here; but, Sadie, what are you thinking of? Listen, child. Listen to me—"

Minutes before Tommy returned Sadie's suitcase was packed and she was ready to go to New York. There was a look in her eyes that no one had ever seen there before. It was the pained and tired look of one who has dealt a blow to a well beloved comrade. The look of one who has done the thing that all along he has known he must do.

"You see, mama, I just want to get him started right in New York and then I'll come back."

Sadie's mother smiled up into her daughter's face. "I know, Sadie. You'll be right back after you've seen him settled somewhere in a comfortable room and know that he's working at a steady job."

"That's right. I'll get a job myself right away so that I can send you money for the short while I'm there."

"Don't worry about that, Sadie. I'll tell Mr. Krassen that he must forgive you for leaving without notice."

"Tell him I'll work for him when I come back."

SADIE'S mother smiled again. She said, somewhat irrelevantly, "You have courage, Sadie. You're a fine lady."

"Courage? No, I think I'm scared."

"I know you are. You're scared of the crowds and the bigness of New York. I could tell when you were speaking about it. But you're going just the same. It ain't courage, Sadie, when you face something you're not scared of."

"Maybe not."

"I won't worry about you, Sadie."

"Not a bit? Promise?"

"I won't worry like you'd have worried about Tommy. You're square and sensible and brave."

"Mama!"

"I know, but we have no secrets, Sadie. We both know that he'll never be the man you think he is. And, Sadie—"

"Yes, mama."

"I want you to do something for me. You know the foolish way I always talked about Michael Alderson and you?"

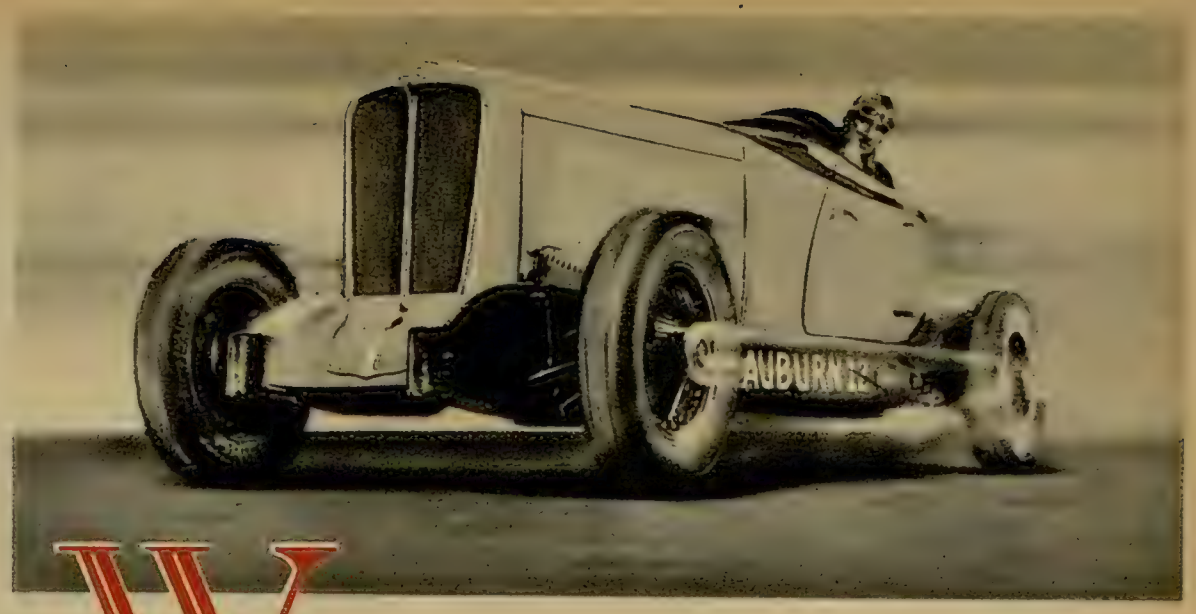
"Yes, mama."

"I want you to forget it. I want you to be sure and marry Tommy Wallace the first thing in the morning."

"But I'm coming right back to you, mama."

Sadie's mother smiled again, and because something very curious was happening to her voice she did not speak aloud this time but merely whispered, "Be sure and marry him the first thing in the morning."

She did not cross the tracks to the station with Sadie and Tommy. She stayed at the window in the little house and watched them go away from her. Sadie was wearing a mangy-looking sealskin coat that had belonged to the first Mrs. Alderson. It didn't fit well and it was too long



WHY did Eddie Miller use Champion Spark Plugs when he set 40 new national and international speed records* for semi-stock cars in an Auburn 12 Speedster? What bearing has this outstanding achievement on your own car's performance? Ask your dealer or service station attendant ★ ★

*Supervised and Certified by AAA Contest Board

MR. W. H. BEAL, President of the Auburn Automobile Company says of Champion Spark Plugs: "Quality is the keynote of Auburn's manufacturing program. This applies to every unit used in Auburn cars. The establishment of records such as these is absolute proof of the quality of the finished product. To run for hours at these terrific speeds, every part must function perfectly, and Champion Spark Plugs certainly sustained their quality reputation for efficient, trouble-free performance."

CHAMPION
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for fashion. Her hat was cheap and slightly rain-spotted. But when Sadie smiled as she turned to wave good-by she knew that no one would ever rate Sadie by her clothes. She watched till Sadie was out of sight. Then she listened for the five-o'clock train to puff its way into the station. Then she thought, "Now they are getting aboard. Now they are getting seated." The bell clanged and the five-o'clock train puffed its way out of the station.

Sadie's mother forgot to turn on her light that night. She sat for hours in the darkness. Perhaps she would have sat there all night had not an automobile horn bleated itself into her conscious mind. There was a car at the curb in front of her house. Sadie's mother roused herself, opened the door, and called, "Yes?"

It was one of the Fuller girls.

"I thought you were out," she said. "I've been blowing the horn for ages."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"My mother wants to know if you can come up and serve luncheon tomorrow. She's giving a big party for her bridge club and we're short-handed."

"Yes, I can come."

"All right. Come at eight. She says she can give you a full day's work on account of the preparing and everything."

"Thank you, I'll be there."

Sadie's mother walked back into the house. She was thinking that probably she could get a permanent job again at the Fullers'. It would be less lonesome than staying here, but it would mean giving up her own home. Still, what did it matter? The reason for having her own home had vanished on the five-o'clock train.

WHEN Sadie and Tommy walked out of Grand Central Station they did not know what to do or where to go. They stood irresolute, staring blankly at a line of taxi drivers. The taxi drivers stared back at them and saw their luggage, their strangeness, but not one single driver opened his mouth to say "Taxi?" Thus Sadie McKee entered New York.

Sadie looked across the street. It seemed miles away. She put her arm through Tommy's and clung to him.

"I'm hungry," she said.

"We'll walk a block or two." He was glad that she was hungry. It would give them something to do. They could think in a warm place what their next move would be.

They walked west on Forty-second Street. Tommy walked on the outside. He carried his suitcase in his left hand. Sadie carried her suitcase in her right hand. Neither of them wore gloves. Their hands were cold and red.

"There's a drug store," Tommy said. "The sign says 'Sandwiches.'"

They walked into the drug store. It was bright with many lights and it was warm. Sadie thought it was the most cheerful place she had ever seen in her life. The mirror behind the soda fountain sparkled cleanly and reflected the brilliantly colored necklaces which were on sale at the next counter. There were gay yellow and blue and red wooden toys to take home to the kiddies. Shining many-hued magazines. A display of cosmetics in green and silver boxes. The hot-water bottles were purple and the razors were gold. It was beautiful, Sadie thought.

She and Tommy seated themselves at the counter. A young man who wore a little round white cap on his head looked across the marble slab at them but said nothing. He went to the other end of the counter and began to roll an orange around.

"I was in Florida last year this time," he said to another young man who also wore a little round white cap.

"Was you? Gee, I wish I was there right now!"

"Me, too."

A silence fell between them. They were thinking of palm trees and brilliant blue skies.

Sadie and Tommy watched them. Nothing happened for a minute or two, then the first young man sighed and raised his gaze from the orange. He saw Sadie and Tommy and a vague wonderment came into his eyes.

"Didn't I get your order?" he asked.

Tommy shook his head and the young man walked toward them.

"What'll it be?" he asked.

"Cheese sandwich," said Sadie.

"White, rye, or whole-wheat?"

"White, please."

"And yours?" he asked of Tommy.

"Same."

"Something to drink?"

"Coffee. Two coffees."

The young man went to attend to their order.

"We seem to be in his way," Tommy said.

But he turned out to be a very nice young man after you got to know him. When he brought the coffee he said to Tommy, "Just get in town?"

"Yes," said Tommy.

"You picked a cold enough night."

Tommy laughed. Not because he was amused but because he wanted to be friends with the gentleman who had been in Florida this time last year. "We sure did," he said. "Say, where do you go to live around here?"

"That depends. There's always the Waldorf, and a couple of flop houses on Park Avenue just as good."

Tommy had heard of the Waldorf and he scowled at the young man. "You wouldn't try to be funny with a dumb out-of-towner, would you?" he asked.

The young man shrugged. "I wasn't trying to be funny. How do I know what you've got in mind? You might have been insulted if I'd told you where you could get a room for five dollars a week."

"Tell me and see," Tommy said.

"No kidding, fellow. Are you looking for a cheap rooming house?"

"Sure I am."

"Well, the Forties is full of them. Farther over west though. Right off Broadway. You could buy a paper and look through the ads. I was in a place the other night that looked cheap and it was clean. Wait a minute." He opened his white jacket and they saw that he wore a blue vest underneath. He drew a slim little black address book from the vest pocket and began to rustle the pages swiftly. "Here it is, right here."

Sadie thought he must be a methodical young man to list nice cheap rooming houses in his little black book.

"HAVE you got a pencil?" he asked Tommy.
Tommy had.

"Well, here. Copy this address. The second one." He opened the book and left it in front of Tommy, then hastened away to take the order of an elderly gentleman who had been giving him angry glances.

Sadie saw above the address the name "Dolly Merrick."

"Do you think that's the landlady's name?" she asked Tommy.

He shook his head. "I'm sure it ain't," he said. "It's some girl he knows. See, there's lots of girls' names here."

"Oh," said Sadie. She had never happened to see one of those books before.

The young man came back. "Got it down? It's a pretty good place, I imagine. It looked good anyhow. Know how to get there?"

Tommy shook his head.

"You turn right when you leave here and keep going straight till you hit Broadway. You can't miss it. Then you turn right again and keep on up four blocks—" He stopped suddenly. "Say," he asked, "are you going to walk?"

"Sure," said Tommy.

"It's pretty cold out."

"We can stand it."

"Well, good luck."

"Thanks, and thanks for the address." Tommy paid the check. It was forty cents. He had figured it would be thirty for what they had had, but this was New York.

Tommy opened the big plate-glass door and Sadie and he left the warm bright drug store behind them and went out into New York.

It was a long walk to the rooming house, Tommy thought, and it was very, very cold. He mumbled curses to himself as they walked along.

"We'll be there soon," Sadie said.

"How the hell do you know? Maybe we missed Broadway."

Sadie laughed.

"What's funny?"

"I was just thinking what nerve it would be for two hick kids to calmly walk across Broadway without noticing it."

"Well, I bet we have," he said.

But they hadn't. They recognized Broadway when they saw it. They recognized it by the throngs of people who were rushing north and south to the movies, the Sunday concerts, and to dinner.

They looked at Broadway and Tommy said, "Boy, I'm freezing."

Sadie said, "We turn right here." And they walked north.

SADIE was thinking hard as she walked. She had ten dollars. It was her week's pay which Mr. Krassen had handed her just twenty-four hours earlier. She was thinking now that apparently five dollars a week was very cheap for a room in New York.

"Sadie."

"Yes, Tommy."

"I was just thinking, Sadie. It costs a lot for rooms here, I guess. Look here, I was thinking, Sadie—"

"I know, Tommy. I was thinking about that too."

"Were you?"

"Yes, all the way from the drug store."

"Gee, me too."

"That's funny."

They gave their names as Wallace to the landlady. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wallace. She didn't seem to doubt them. She had been a rooming-house lady many years and had learned not to doubt anything.

It wasn't a five-dollar room that she showed them. She didn't have any five-dollar rooms. This was a six-dollar room and it was meant to be occupied by only one person. Since it was a terribly cold night and they couldn't pay twelve dollars for a double room she'd give them this six-dollar room for seven dollars—in advance. They looked at the room and decided that she was right. It certainly had been intended for one person and a small one person at that. It wasn't more than ten feet long and perhaps three quarters that wide. There was a narrow bureau from which the paint was peeling, a clothes tree, a slim white-enamel bed, and a threadbare rug. The window had a shade but no drape, and there was a small electric bulb over a wavy mirror on the wall. One drawer held all of Sadie's belongings and another all of Tommy's. The ukulele they placed on top of the bureau.

They were all unpacked now and there was nothing left to do but turn and face Tommy in the little room.

In next week's installment you will read what happens to Sadie and Tommy during their first days in New York.

—AND RUTH, MY CLOTHES CAME FROM THE WASHING MACHINE AT LEAST 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER!
BUT DON'T THINK THAT RINSO IS JUST FOR WASHDAY, EILEEN
RINSO IS SIMPLY GRAND FOR WASHING DISHES
WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT GREASE GO!
AND THERE'S NO SOAP LIKE RINSO FOR WASHING WOODWORK. I JUST WASHED THESE WINDOW-SILLS
WHY, I THOUGHT THEY WERE FRESHLY PAINTED!
I THINK RINSO'S MARVELOUS FOR PORCELAIN AND TILE. IN FACT, ITS CREAMY SUDS MAKE ALL CLEANING EASIER
D'ALTON VALENTINE
SO YOU SEE, EILEEN—I USE RINSO FOR PRETTY NEARLY EVERYTHING. IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS
YOU'RE A SMART ONE, RUTH! HOW SILLY I'VE BEEN TO USE RINSO ON WASHDAY ONLY

Save money with these rich, safe suds—

clothes last 2 or 3 times longer

USE Rinso every day, for the dishes and all house cleaning, to save time—to save work—to save your hands.

But above all, use Rinso on washday! For Rinso's lively suds *soak* out dirt—save scrubbing and boiling. Not only do clothes come 4 or 5 shades whiter, *they last 2 or 3 times longer!* You'll save lots of money!

Rinso is recommended by the makers of 40 famous washers—by the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers. Gives twice as much suds, cup for cup, as lightweight, puffed-up soaps. Ask your grocer for Rinso today—you'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.

It's safe for your finest cottons and linens —white or colors

Rinso

2 sizes most women buy the large package

The biggest-selling package soap in America

Wiping Danger *from the SKY*

(Reading time: 14 minutes 45 seconds.)

FLYING is destined to be one of the safest modes of long-distance transportation that the world has ever seen. Up to the present, aëronautical engineers have devoted their efforts principally to making an airplane that would stay in the air. Now that that object has been pretty well attained, they are transferring their attention to devices that will insure the greatest possible safety to the air passenger.

Among the appliances that have been so nearly perfected that we can definitely describe their performance and predict their effect are the plane parachute and the cabinchute; that is, parachutes capable of supporting either the entire airplane or a cabin filled with passengers, and lowering them to earth slowly and without danger.

Ordinarily, if a person jumps from a place four to ten feet high, he is not hurt, but if he jumps or falls from a higher position, he will probably receive some injury. The longer the fall the faster he goes, and if he hits the ground at high speed there is no hope for him. Individual parachutes are designed to slow up this fall so that a person will hit the ground at a speed not greater than if he jumped from a height of four to ten feet.

GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL

distinguished himself in command of the air forces of the A. E. F., and later was director of military aviation, U. S. Army. His advocacy of a separate air service led to his resigning from the army in 1926. Since that time he has been writing and farming.

Only within the last few years have parachutes been used successfully from airplanes. Now all military flyers and many commercial ones are equipped with them. Over 500 lives have been saved in the United States alone by their use. Like any change in an established routine, it was hard to get parachutes adopted. I tried hard to get them for our pilots during the war, and many a good man would have been saved if we had had them. The Germans used them, but we were unable to get any until after the war was over. Similarly, many commercial planes are not equipped with them now.

In a cabin airplane it is not practicable to equip each person with an individual parachute. There have been many schemes for doing this. One was to stow the parachute in a rack just opposite the passenger's seat, like a life preserver on a boat. The passenger was supposed to put on the harness when he took his place in the airplane; then if anything happened he was to snap the strap from this harness to the parachute and jump out. But it was found that if passengers were required to put on a harness, they were afraid to go in the airplane. Also, if anything happened, it happened so quickly that they did not have time or were too excited to snap their equipment into the parachute.

During the last few years all these conditions have been carefully analyzed and a good deal of successful experimentation has been going on with which the public is not acquainted. Much of it has been conducted by the Army Air Corps at Dayton, Ohio. First, a parachute was built to hold up the entire airplane. Major Hoffman and Captain Streett took an airplane equipped with a "planechute" up to about 5,000 feet altitude. They decided to slow the ship down as much as possible when they opened the chute, so as not to strain the lines that held it. But in so doing, they got too little speed and the parachute fell back on the ship, failing to open properly. In the meantime the airplane began to fall in a spin.

The two officers were just about to jump with their individual parachutes when the planechute filled itself and held up the ship. It seemed as though they were suspended by a powerful invisible hand in mid-air. The instruments showed that they were falling even less than twelve feet a second. They found they could guide the airplane by pulling the shrouds and also by running the engine slowly. After obtaining all the data they wished, they cut the parachute loose from the plane and landed in the normal manner. Later a small pilot parachute was made and attached to the large one to pull it out and distend it quickly and surely.

It was found that when an airplane weighed more than 2,500 pounds the planechute would have to be so big that it was not practical to stow it either in the fuselage or the upper wings. At first it was proposed to substitute four or five little parachutes for one large one, but this brought on other complications.

Attacking the problem from another angle, they decided to construct a cabin in the airplane which would be quickly detachable, and to equip this cabin with a parachute. This was proved to be entirely practicable. The passengers, in case of accident, would merely remain sitting in their chairs with their safety belts fastened. The pilot would pull a lever that disengaged the cabin from the plane and at the same time release the "cabinchute." One and a half seconds after the lever was pulled, the cabin would begin to leave the plane, and five seconds after that the cabinchute would be fully inflated. The pilot, after detaching the cabin, could either try to save the ship or jump with his individual parachute.

There have been a good many instances where a cabinchute would have saved lives when nothing else could. The accident in which Knute Rockne lost his life is a good example. Probably as the result of a power spin, that airplane went down so fast that a wing snapped off. Had it been equipped with a cabinchute, all the pilot would have had to do was pull a lever which would have loosed the parachute and disengaged the cabin, when it would have floated down to the earth in safety.

A military transport airplane had a similar experience in Texas. Six men were in the cabin, all equipped with individual parachutes. The pilot had climbed the airplane up through heavy clouds and after a while completely lost his sense of direction. He, too, got into a power spin and when the airplane began to come to pieces he and his mechanic were thrown out forcibly and were saved by their parachutes. We can only surmise what happened in the cabin. The men were undoubtedly thrown into a heap in the front part of it and were utterly unable to get out in time.

An army airplane was flying over a heavy forest on the Pacific coast when the motor stopped. The pilot and the passenger, a newspaper man, were equipped with parachutes. The pilot prepared to jump with his parachute. But he could not make the newspaper man leave the plane. As the code of the air, like the code of the sea, requires that the commanding officer of the ship be the last to leave, the pilot decided to stay with it and try to come out alive. He succeeded in placing the airplane between two trees, smashing it to pieces;

The Story of a Device that May Revolutionize Air Travel

By

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Wartime Commander of U. S. Air Forces in France and former Director of Military Aëronautics, U. S. Army.

Illustration by
WILLIAM MACRAE GILLIES

The pilot, after detaching the cabin and at the same time releasing the "cabinchute," could jump with his own parachute.

but, although hurt, fortunately neither man was killed.

It usually takes about 300 feet for a parachute, large or small, to open fully and stop the fall sufficiently to save life. However, one of our pilots, Lieutenant Bonesteel, while flying at high speed, had a wing come off his airplane within 150 feet of the ground. Such was his presence of mind that he jumped immediately. The forward speed of the plane opened his parachute at once and saved his life. A valuable feature of the parachute is that it not only saves lives but also saves the account of what happened, which enables us to take corrective measures later. Before their use, when an accident occurred in the air the pilot's lips were sealed forever.

In the early days of parachute development, rules were made up to count so many times before pulling the rip cord, which is attached to a ring on the chest of the user. This has been found to be unnecessary. And there have been very few instances where a person who was conscious failed to pull the rip cord after a jump from an airplane.

Furthermore, parachutes are made strong enough not to break if opened at the greatest rate of fall that a man can have, which is around 180 miles per hour.

There have been occasions where the parachute pulled loose while the wearer was still in the airplane, with the result that the shrouds became tangled in the tail of the ship and held the man there. An instance of this kind occurred in Hawaii. A large bomber was flying over the water when a part broke and the plane went into a slow spin. The commander ordered the men to jump. One sergeant pulled his parachute too soon and it caught on the tail of the plane. The pilot climbed back along the fuselage and for several thousand feet he held on with his fingers and toes while attempting to free the sergeant. It was one of the most remarkable exhibitions of bravery and self-sacrifice ever seen in the air.

When he was within a few hundred feet of the water, he saw that any further attempts were useless and at the last moment saved himself by jumping with his parachute.

CABINS can easily be made buoyant and, with a little thought, fairly seaworthy. And cabinchutes could be used in a variety of ways. Food, medical stores, and other supplies could be dropped off to people marooned on an island, on an ice floe, or in kindred situations. Large amounts of stores could be transported by aircraft across country impassable to any other sort of transportation and dropped off where desired. Mines in the Andes Mountains or expeditions across the great deserts could be supplied in this way.

A couple of months before the Armistice in Europe, I proposed to General Pershing that if the war lasted until the spring of 1919, he assign the First Division to my command, and that we equip all the men with individual parachutes, supply them with rifles, machine guns, and ammunition, then fly them in a couple of thousand airplanes which would have been available by that time, and drop them behind the German lines. In that way we could have brought an attack against the Germans both

from the front and rear, and supported it by an attack from our other aircraft with bombs, machine guns, and cannon. This was a practical undertaking and would have been decisive in the area where it was used. In the future, the use of the cabinchute will greatly facilitate an operation of this kind. It will enable ground forces to occupy a town captured by air attack, and will also be useful in supplying them with food and other necessities.

There has been considerable objection to the use of parachutes on the part of commercial air lines, because of the increased cost. They say, "We have enough trouble making both ends meet now, so why saddle this additional cost on us?"

To be sure, parachutes are somewhat expensive. It is estimated that to give parachute protection it would cost about fifty cents per pound of the weight of the airplane, so for an 8,000-pound airplane the cost would be about $4,000. A parachute will easily last five years, so its cost per year would only be $800.

If military pilots have derived so much benefit and so many have been saved by the use of parachutes, why should not the public be given the same protection? Suppose that commercial air lines are allowed to carry passengers without parachutes, as is the case today, on the theory that they are too expensive. Wouldn't it be just about the same thing if a steamship line said to the Department of Commerce, "We cannot make our boats pay if we carry lifeboats because we cannot take on enough pay load, so we want to take the lifeboats off"?

Heretofore there has been no suitable parachute for this purpose, but the cabinchute certainly answers all objections. The increased protection it would give would increase air travel vastly and more than compensate for any additional expense.

For a six-passenger airplane, the cabinchute would weigh only 150 pounds. The difference would be that without the parachute the airplane could carry six passengers and with it could carry five. There is no doubt which of these two airplanes the traveling public would take. It would give the passenger a chance for his life in case of accident, whereas now he has none at all.

WHILE aircraft do not have as many structural accidents as they used to—that is, wings coming off or other parts breaking to pieces—they are still just as subject to vicissitudes of weather. When an airplane enters a thick fog or heavy storm cloud, strange reactions possess the pilot. An interesting fact about the mechanism of the human body is that when a man is deprived of his sight and attempts to go in a given direction, he is unable to follow this direction for more than a few feet. Instead of proceeding in a straight line, he begins going round in a spiral, starting on a large orbit which constantly becomes smaller. The same thing happens whether he is walking, driving an automobile, or flying an airplane blindfolded. Just as a person lost in a forest invariably walks in this clock-spring spiral when he has no compass or other means of guiding himself, so a pilot in a heavy fog begins spiraling unconsciously. Everything around him has the same appearance, as though he were on the inside of a sphere painted all the same color, or in an entirely dark room, or blindfolded. There is no point of reference such as the horizon, a star, or any fixed mark, terrestrial or celestial, on which he can level or guide his ship. His flying instincts do him no good, no matter what his previous training may have been. If he relies on them, he may find himself flying upside down, slipping sideways, or going into spins.

When in a fog a pilot must fly entirely by instruments, "blind flying" as it is called. At present this is a very tiring and laborious process, and can only be kept up for a certain time before the pilot becomes exhausted. When that occurs, he loses control of the ship. Even the best of pilots require a great deal of training to be able to fly by instruments. Experiments with blindfolded pigeons seem to prove that nature has provided her flying creatures with a faculty of parachuting down to safety when they become incapable of maintaining level flight. It is this same thing that we must do with our airplanes.

FOG has been the bugbear of airmen since airplanes were invented. A pilot carrying passengers hesitates to go through it, even though he is able to keep his airplane on an even keel by the use of visual flight instruments, because there is no way for him to tell how close the fog reaches to the ground or the mountains, or exactly what there is under him. With the present commercial airplanes in which passengers are not equipped with parachutes, all the pilot can do in case of motor stoppage or other accident in a fog is to bring the plane down with the slowest speed possible and wait for the inevitable crash. He may run into a mountain, or may smash up on the level. Under present conditions the pilot should land his ship before he goes into the fog, and take no chances. But with a plane or cabin parachute, he could with safety take his airplane into fog or heavy clouds, and if an accident occurred the passengers could be brought to the ground in safety. This applies also to forced landings at night, when there is always more or less danger, as the surface of the ground cannot be correctly seen.

All large passenger airplanes engaged in transcontinental service should be required by law to be equipped with these large chutes.

Snow and sleet may so incrust an airplane with ice that it becomes too heavy to fly, or the shape of the control surfaces may be so changed that it becomes unmanageable. Ice often forms on the propeller, and unevenly at that. I have had a propeller so coated with ice that it was thrown out of balance, setting up such racking vibrations that I thought the engine was going to jump out of the ship. Many long-distance flyers, especially on ocean flights, have perished as a result of this development.

Devices to eliminate the ice hazard are being worked on. One of these heats the wings and control surfaces; another scheme is to use a chemical which produces heat when it comes in contact with water.

In a third method, the surfaces are painted or otherwise treated with substances from which the frosted moisture slips off easily.

Another instrument which will go a long way toward

Next Week—

Beginning

STRUGGLES TO THE DEATH IN THE PRIZE RING

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

and

NOLL GURNEY

Sagas of fighting men of the past who went out like Ernie Schaaf: A vivid chronicle of tragedies that "couldn't have happened" —but did

Also

stories and articles by Viña Delmar—Arthur Garfield Hays—Anne Jerdan—Frank A. Vanderlip—George Sylvester Viereck—Eugene Jones—Sidney M. Davis

removing flying hazards is the automatic pilot, which will take an airplane straight on its course without the touch of human hands. The automatic pilot utilizes the principle of the gyroscope. By means of it airplanes can be flown off the ground without a human being in them, to rise to 5,000 feet and go straight to a certain city, then to be turned around by radio control, brought back to the starting point and landed. It is entirely possible for a device of this kind to fly an airplane across the Atlantic Ocean without anybody in it.

The drifting effect of cross winds would of course have to be taken into account and the course corrected at times by radio telegraph.

Already airplanes can be given their direction and altitude by means of radiotelegraph. They can fly straight to a point on a radio beam or beacon. Even though an airplane is in a fog or storm, it can be guided by radio to the field where it is desired to go.

Devices are now being made which will enable the pilot to ascertain just how far beneath him the ground is. The altitude instruments we have used for many years measure the column of air *over* the pilot, and not under him. Within an hour or two the height of the air column over him may vary several hundred feet, and it is not a good indication of where the ground is when he approaches it in a fog. Now we have what is called a resonance altimeter, which projects an electrical wave from the airplane to the ground. It hits the ground and bounces up again to the airplane. The time that this takes is calculated, and the instrument is so calibrated that an instantaneous reading is obtained with an accuracy within five or ten feet.

This instrument is so sensitive that if it passes over a tree, a fence, or a telegraph line there is an immediate indication.

Experiments are now being made in which a one-inch tape on stakes about four feet above the ground is put around an air field. With the aid of his resonance altimeter the pilot can tell whether he is inside or outside of this tapeline when flying his airplane over the field in fog or storm. Thus he will be able to level off his airplane from ten to twenty feet above the ground and make a safe landing.

SOME airplanes are equipped with a stick thirty or forty feet long which is projected below the airplane when approaching the earth for a landing. When this stick touches the ground it automatically sets the controls in position for a landing, and the ship lands itself. The shock absorbers used on airplanes of the present day can take up enormous bumps. They are built like the recoil mechanism on cannon, and consist of cylinders and pistons working one within the other, filled with liquid or air.

An airplane equipped with these devices can actually fly on to the ground at 100 miles an hour without fatalities.

It is quite probable that in the future there will be one class of passenger airplane equipped with all these safety devices, which will carry no mail or freight. Thus all the carrying capacity can be given over to passengers and safety devices to protect them. Some have advocated that to obtain the maximum degree of safety the plane should not only be equipped with a cabinchute but that each passenger should have an individual parachute in addition. This would be the last word in parachute protection and would eliminate any hazard that might arise in case of fire in the fuel tanks aboard the ship. Another class of aircraft, to be used exclusively for mail, express, and freight, would be equipped much like the average commercial plane of today, with the pilot relying on his individual parachute in case of accident.

THE reason this has not yet been done is because our air lines receive only a subsidy for carrying the mail; they get no government assistance for carrying passengers. Consequently any additional equipment taken on for safety purposes diminishes the amount of mail they can carry and the money they are paid for it.

When these elements of safety have been incorporated into common usage we will see transportation terminals constructed in our large cities which will bring all classes of communications into a common center. On top of the large building housing the terminal will be a landing field, from which airplanes will be lowered to the floor below for hangar and loading purposes. This floor may even be arranged as a flying-off platform. On the ground level will be a railway terminal, and alongside of that, bus, truck, and automobile facilities. In case of a port city, piers and wharfs will adjoin the terminal which will take care of ocean-going ships. With this arrangement a minimum amount of time would be required for changing from one form of transportation to another.

A large building of this kind could probably pay for itself out of the rent for office space, cold-storage facilities, warehouses, exhibition halls, and even apartments.

No terminal of this kind has as yet been built, but there is a very well worked out project to install one in New York City.

This would bring a terminal for air traffic into the heart of the city, where it belongs, instead of miles outside, where an hour or so is required to get to it. Often it takes as long to get from a city to its air field as it does to fly in the plane to one's destination.

Our airplane development has hardly begun and the future holds much more for us than anything we have accomplished in the past.

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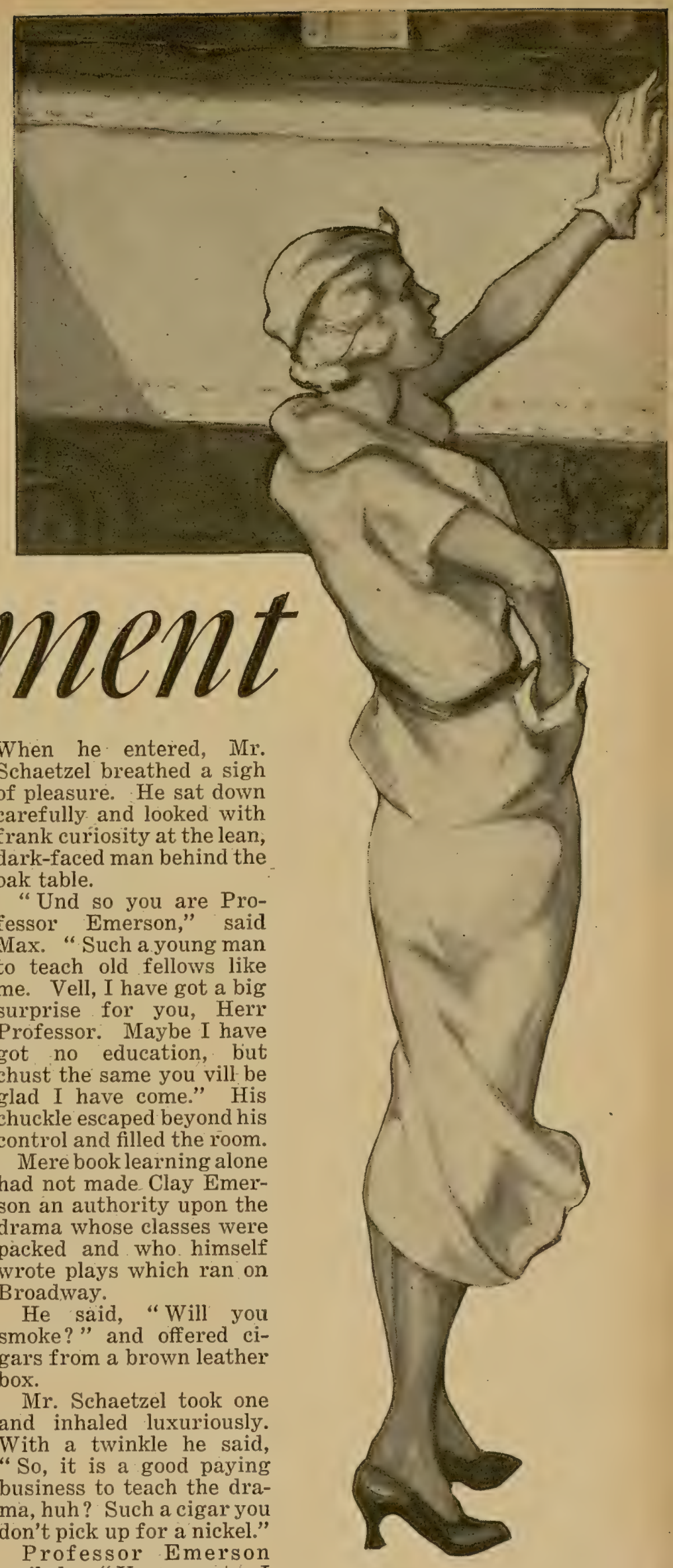

(Reading time: 23 minutes 45 seconds.)

HER real name was not Crystal Conti. It was Mina Schaetzel. . . .

The girl in the outer office—she was a student secretary and not always as polite as she should have been—became aware of him at once because he practically bounced through the doorway. She was annoyed because she had expected somebody else.

"Did you want to see someone?" she said coldly.

He came up to her desk and peered down at her benignly. A small man, rather round, and quite undistinguished. His hair was very thick and curly, its shining blackness slightly tinged with gray. Yet, somehow, the secretary found herself giving him her entire attention. She did not realize that it was because he looked so completely, radiantly, ridiculously happy.

"I vanted"—the suggestion of an accent was plain enough, rich and guttural—"to see Professor Emerson. You fix it up for me, eh?"

"What you want to see him about?" Miss Gibbs demanded.

The old man beamed upon her, sharing with her a rare secret. "I am a little old, maybe, that I should become a college boy," he said, "but a man is as old as he feels, no? I am that old dog that to me you can teach new tricks. I have read how you have here at Columbia all sorts of special courses. Professor Emerson, he teaches about the drama. For me it is possible, even if I am not so young?"

"No age limit that I know of," said Miss Gibbs. "What's your name?"

"My name, it is Max Schaetzel. And mamma's name is Lena Schaetzel. Ve live by the Bronx. Und my daughter Mina—"

"Well, Mr. Schaetzel, Professor Emerson is very busy. If you'll fill out the application forms—"

Max Schaetzel was not disturbed. "I should talk with him myself," he said. "I can vait. Mamma knows I might be late. I have told her, 'Mamma, maybe I vill be late.' I have got"—he made an all-embracing gesture with his short fat arms—"I have got all the time in the world. Sometimes, since I retire, I tell mamma I got so much time I don't know what I should do with it. So—I vill vait."

Miss Gibbs fled—into Professor Emerson's inner sanctum.

It was a handsome and dignified room, book-lined. When he entered, Mr. Schaetzel breathed a sigh of pleasure. He sat down carefully and looked with frank curiosity at the lean, dark-faced man behind the oak table.

"Und so you are Professor Emerson," said Max. "Such a young man to teach old fellows like me. Vell, I have got a big surprise for you, Herr Professor. Maybe I have got no education, but chust the same you vill be glad I have come." His chuckle escaped beyond his control and filled the room.

Mere book learning alone had not made Clay Emerson an authority upon the drama whose classes were packed and who himself wrote plays which ran on Broadway.

He said, "Will you smoke?" and offered cigars from a brown leather box.

Mr. Schaetzel took one and inhaled luxuriously. With a twinkle he said, "So, it is a good paying business to teach the drama, huh? Such a cigar you don't pick up for a nickel."

Professor Emerson smiled. "You want, I take it, to join one of my classes. I'm glad to hear it. We have hoped to reach the audiences as well as the professional playmakers. I am wondering just what first interested you—"

There was Crystal Conti herself in some white thing with a tight little piqué jacket and a tiny white hat.

By **ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS**

The rich chuckle interrupted. "Vhy such a man like I am, vith no education and maybe one or two gray hairs, he starts such a highbrow study? That is easy. It is because of my daughter. Mina Schaetzel. I bet you you never heard of Mina Schaetzel, no? Yet you have heard about my daughter. Now I've got you already guessing riddles."

The professor's visitor leaned back in his chair, an air of blissful satisfaction on his round countenance.

"Gif up?" he said. "All right then, I gif you a clue. Mamma and I, ve have hatched a swan. It is not, then, that ve should remain old barnyard chickens. Vhen it comes time ve should go to Hollywood, mamma and I should not disgrace her. To mamma I say, 'A wise man prepares himself.'"

The professor began to see light. "Your daughter is a writer?" he said, and in his mind ran over the well known Hollywood dramatists whose real name might be Mina Schaetzel. He thought of several. Naturally he did not think of Crystal Conti.

GLEE once more transformed the round face before him. Then, with swift transformation, the little man was suddenly serious, worshipful.

"My daughter," he said, "is a great actress. An artist. Already, at twenty-two, she is a star."

Dramatically he paused. "I vill tell you. You shall see, so, if I understand what it is, drama.

"Vhen I am a young man I desire to be an artist, a painter. It costs nothing that a man should dream. In my dreams, so, I vas maybe Rembrandt, that is to say, a god. But—I am not able."

Through the professor's mind went the ever-tragic words, "Desire doth outrun performance."

"Besides, I see mamma, and ve get married, and it is necessary I should make money. So I gif up my dreams and come to America and become—a clothing merchant. Maybe better I should be a good clothing merchant as a bad painter, huh? But maybe, too, I vould not have been a bad painter. Such colors go through my head! In my heart, Herr Professor, I am always an artist. You understand that is possible?

"Comes, then, vhen ve are already ten years married, little Mina. Such a baby! Vhen she is little, all day long she dances. In the school plays, always she has the leading part. Sometimes, maybe, she is naughty a little—but always she has a spark that lights up a whole house. In the park people stop and look at her, such a beauty she is.

"Mamma vishes that Mina vill stay home and be company for her and help around the house and some day get married and have little babies. Vomen! They think sometimes of nothing but babies. Mamma, she vants to be a grandmother. Maybe she thinks there vill be another little Maxie, like the one ve have lost vhen he is fifteen.

"But Mina is not like that. She is an artist. She has the soul of an artist. The pots and pans and gefülte-fish and didies, they are not for her. She must go to Hollywood, where she may be an actress.

"Mamma, she cried such tears. Mamma knows nothing about artists. Only she has heard about Hollywood, and she is afraid. 'That wicked place,' she says. But I say, 'Mamma, let her go. She is an artist.' Vhy should she, like me, gif up her dreams?"

Quite frankly the little man wiped his glasses.

"But even I, did I think that in three years she vould be a star? Vould I have believed she vas so great a genius that in three short years she vins such rôles? Did I expect that vhen I, her papa, valk along Broadway I see her name spelled out in electric lights? No."

Hotly curious, Clay Emerson said, "Your daughter is—"

Max Schaetzel swelled with

Illustrations by GEORGIA WARREN

Against a cloud of fair hair the long black eyes were unfathomable.

"That you should have lived and my Maxie died!" said mamma. "You—you—"

pride. From his inner pocket he took a leather case, passed it across the table.

A beautiful face. Against a cloud of wild fair hair the long black eyes were unfathomable, mysterious. The mouth was slightly open; it was made of crushed velvet. Somehow the camera had caught the luminous quality of the skin and matched it with the string of pearls wrapped around the long throat.

In honest amazement, Professor Emerson said, "Your daughter is Crystal Conti?"

For it happened that Professor Emerson was familiar, very familiar, with Hollywood. His last vacation had been spent in the cinema capital. He had heard much of Crystal Conti.

Max Schaetzel slapped his fat knees in delight. "You vould not believe it, no? Such a talent. Ach, how hard she has vorked! At first she gets the little parts. But so vell does she express them that they notice her right avay. Mr. Levine himself has noticed her in those little parts. Now you vould not believe how much they think of her."

The professor glanced at him hurriedly, said, "Yes, I did hear that Mr. Levine discovered her himself."

"SO now," said Max, "you vill understand vhy I vish to come here. It is necessary that I should know something of her art. Vhen she sends for us, for mamma and me, I should like it that she can be proud of her papa. I should like it that I can be of help to her, for always an artist needs someone who understands. It is, Herr Professor, that I make myself worthy to be the papa of such a great artist."

Professor Emerson stood up suddenly. His back was to the window and Max Schaetzel could not see the expression of his face.

"It will be an honor to have you here," he said.

Max Schaetzel shook his hand violently. "Und mamma, she vould thank you, too," he said.

. . . .

Mrs. Lena Schaetzel, busy in the spotless white of her kitchen, heard the first faint touch of the bell. She always heard it, almost before it rang. It may be that when it was time for the mail she was standing tiptoe, listening not only with her ears but with her breath and the blood in her veins and the very hair of her head.

Papa always explained when there were no letters. When you were an artist, papa said, you forgot about such things. But Lena Schaetzel had never quite believed it. Mina should, anyhow, write to her papa.

NOW by the blue-enamel clock it was six minutes after eleven and the doorbell was ringing, so it must be the postman. Since it was the middle of the month and no bills were due, it might be a letter from Mina.

Mamma wiped her hands carefully and went down two flights of stairs to the mail box. The gray envelope was there, bent a little because it was too big to go in the box.

It was difficult to read Mina's letters. The words dashed across the thin gray paper like a gypsy dance.

But part of it at least was plain:

I want you and papa to come and visit me. I know you think [more words like inky waves, but Lena did not stop to decipher them] . . . So now I am in my new house —the New York office will call you about your tickets—I thought you'd like to come around through the canal and there is a good boat sailing the third—

It was no use. Lena Schaetzel could read no more, but it was not because of Mina's writing. A band had broken around her heart and from it the hot tears flowed. Mina wanted them. After three years they were going to see Mina.

Never, even to papa, had Lena Schaetzel spoken of how she felt. As the days grew into weeks and the weeks crawled into months and the months added into years, that band had tightened around her heart until sometimes it ached in the night and she could not sleep. She knew, of course, that papa's heart ached too, for all his pride and his talk about art. That sorrow vibrated between them, but they never admitted it.

Even her own thoughts mamma had learned to bury as deep as she could beneath excuses and explanations and remembrances. Mina was busy. She worked so hard. Hollywood was a different world. Mina was careless with the carelessness of youth. It wasn't because she didn't love her mamma and papa. She had always been a loving little thing. Not like Maxie, of course. Mina had always wanted her own way. Sometimes she had been a little greedy, a little self-willed. But she had adored her papa. Often, as she sat knitting in her front window, mamma would remember, sometimes aloud, how Mina had loved to make presents for papa.

Yet all the time, beneath the memories and the hopes, even beneath the sorrow, was that fear. Nameless, foolish, mother-fear. Something that tolled a bell of warning. All, it rang, was not well. That fear was Lena's only secret from papa.

Now, plainly, all *was* well. She held the gray letter against her cheek. "You are," said Lena aloud, "an old fool."

But she did not care. Now Mrs. Freiberg and Mrs. Hochheimer and papa's sister Elza, now they would see. No longer would she have to bear their insinuations that Mina was ashamed of her papa and mamma—that Crystal Conti did not want Hollywood to see Max and Lena Schaetzel.

The outer door clicked. The clock stood at noon. Papa would be coming home now from his college. Lena smoothed her soft curls. Ach, such a moment! To tell papa that it had come, that at last they were going to Hollywood to see Mina. To *see* her.

GRACEFUL and gleaming in the morning sunshine, the California came to rest beside the dock in Los Angeles harbor. Her passengers moved swiftly here and there, waving, calling, counting endless pieces of baggage, saying good-by to friends made in the glamorous fourteen days just ended.

Coming out of the companionway, the pretty girl who had been the ship's belle saw Mr. and Mrs. Max Schaetzel.

"How pretty you look," she said, slipping an arm about Mrs. Schaetzel's ample waist; "all dressed up, too. It's easy to see where your daughter gets her looks."

Max Schaetzel chuckled. "Sure, she gets her looks from her mamma and her brains from her papa, huh?" He patted his wife's cheek. "There's Mr. Forhan. I should tell him good-by. Such fine talks ve have had."

The director, who was young and fat, crossed the deck in a hurried stride.

"Good-by," he said. "See you at Crystal's. Hope you enjoy Hollywood as much as you think you're going to."

"How could ve help it," said Max, "with Crystal?"

He had learned, mamma noticed, to call her Crystal already. It came harder for mamma. Perhaps it wasn't so important to her. Still, she must begin, because probably that was what Mina would wish.

There had been much interest on the California in Crystal Conti's father and mother, who were going to Hollywood on a visit to their famous daughter. They were, really, such darlings. He had, actually, given a most illuminating talk one evening on the modern drama. Even Carl Forhan, the director of many a box-office picture smash, had looked painfully impressed. And Mr. Schaetzel had always been willing to talk about the movies and to tell all about Crystal when she was a little girl and how she got her start. Now everybody wanted to see the sensational Conti, to see the dramatic meeting. A lot of them had rather changed their opinions about movie stars in general and Conti in particular since they met Mr. and Mrs. Schaetzel.

The two went down the gangplank under a battery of eyes. Papa, there could be no question about it, was strutting with excitement. There was a pink glow in mamma's cheeks, visible to anyone, but they could not see how she trembled under the smart black suit that had come, actually, from a shop on Fifty-seventh Street. Papa had insisted upon that.

Yes, there was Crystal Conti herself in some white thing with a tight little piqué jacket and a tiny white hat like an impudent boat on her wild fair hair.

"Ah, she is beautiful!" said the pretty girl, sighing.

Somehow papa had them both in his fat arms—mamma and his tall daughter. Her face was white, white as a magnolia blossom, with scarlet lips and great dark eyes. Papa was crying. But mamma's face was hidden on her daughter's shoulder.

The pretty girl sniffed and said apologetically, "They're such darlings."

"He's a pompous little ass," said Carl Forhan savagely.

The pretty girl looked at him in amazement. His face was harsh and ugly. "Why—why—" she stammered, "I thought you liked him so much."

Carl Forhan barked a laugh at her. "I do," he said, "but we're back in Hollywood now. God, how I hate it!"

Crystal Conti's father was, the studio agreed, a grand old guy. With the rank and file of a studio personnel relatives are not, as a rule, popular. Interfering mothers, brothers-in-law who draw huge salaries taken from the rest of the gang by ten-per-cent cuts, fathers who know more about stories than the folks who write them, have brought families into disrepute.

BUT Max Schaetzel made a hit even with the assistant directors, and assistant directors are embittered young men who like practically nobody.

Thus there grew a conspiracy of silence.

"What the hell," said Johnny Beaver, the high-priced press agent hired by Byron Levine to handle the enormous ballyhoo on Crystal Conti, "he's a good little egg. And in all my foul career I have never seen anybody quite so cuckoo about anybody else as he is about that gal of his. He thinks she's a reincarnation of Bernhardt. He was telling me the other night in the Brown Derby that he used to see Ada Rehan and she couldn't hold a candle to Crystal. He's got a lot of ideas about her stories that he wants to tell Mr. Levine."

"Has he met Levine yet?" said

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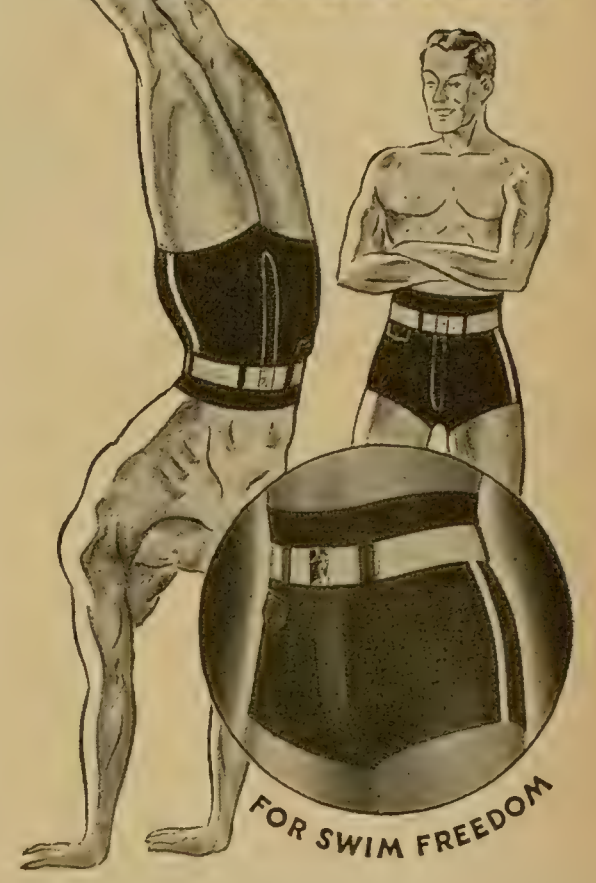

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Gerty Willis, who handled fashion and clothes publicity on Miss Conti.

"Not while Crystal still has her strength," said Johnny. "Hey, you better get going, kid. We only had two fan magazine covers, three fashion layouts, seven interviews, and ninety-nine columns on Crystaline this month, and Levine's been squawking again."

Gerty groaned. "*He's* been squawking. *She* goes in there and hollers her head off and he takes it out on us. Don't tell me!"

"How about some new hair pictures?" said Johnny.

"I don't know. René is awful sore at her. She bawled René out on the set the other day right before everybody. If I take her up there right now, René's apt to snatch her bald-headed. Honestly, sometimes you'd think she was God."

"*Mrs.* God," said Johnny and roared at his own joke. "Well, anyhow, her old man is O. K., and he's as happy as a squirrel playing in a volcano, so keep your trap shut when he's around."

Johnny was right. Max Schaetzel was happy. Life, having denied him his dreams, had brought them to fulfillment in his daughter. Passionately he loved Hollywood. The great mysterious sets, the lights, the microphones, the smells and sounds and strangeness of the studios. The people in grease paint in the studio restaurant where every day he ate his lunch.

He was also happy with Crystal. Of course she had changed. But that, as he told mamma, was to be expected. There was the artistic temperament to be taken into consideration. He talked a good deal about temperament following the day upon which he found the door of Crystal's magnificent dressing bungalow shut to him. He knew Crystal was in there. Hadn't he seen her go in with Mr. Levine? So he had waited a while and then strolled over casually, because he desired to talk with the great man who was head of this gigantic studio and had given Crystal her opportunity. But no one answered when he rang the bell, though he rang it several times loudly.

"That," he told mamma, "is temperament. Possibly she had an idea. Already I know how important ideas are in the picture business. Like a bubble they are, too. One little blow and poof! they are gone. So I understood. I am not offended."

So well did he like Hollywood that he had begun to talk about staying permanently. Why, he asked, should they go back to New York? Why should three thousand miles separate him from his daughter?

"She is all ve have," he said. "Ve should stay near so ve can see her and maybe be of use to her."

There was a wistfulness in his face which overcame what was almost a pang of jealousy in mamma's heart.

She spoke about it to Crystal.

"Your papa," she said, "he thinks maybe we should stay here. We do not have to go back. It is not as if there was Maxie, who would have children by now to need me. We could get a little bungalow—not too close."

Crystal stuffed a cigarette into a paper holder and walked up and down the lovely room. Lena watched her. Why did Mina never stay still? Always she was walking up and down. Timidly Lena wished that she might take her in her arms and hold her quite still for a moment.

CRYSTAL said, "I didn't think papa would ever be happy away from New York."

"Your papa," said Lena quietly, "is never so happy as when he is by you. For such love, Mina, you should be thankful."

The eyes of the two women met.

"I know," said Crystal Conti.

The very next day it happened. Of course it was inevitable. The funny thing, actually, was that it had not happened before. Yet, afterward, Lena Schaetzel used to retrace her footsteps—such trivial, inconsequential footsteps—as though by changing their course she might have escaped the inevitable.

If the street had not been torn up just there, she would have crossed and never passed the famous beauty parlor. If Mrs. Freiberg and papa's sister Elza had not flashed into her mind, she would never have gone in, so that she might tell them that her white curls had been dressed at Henri's, the hairdresser to the movie stars.

How was Lena Schaetzel to know that Henri's was a hotbed of gossip, where many a reputation lay slain, where many a tragedy had begun, where columnists gathered news, fit and unfit to print?

Afterward, too, it seemed strange that she never saw the two women. They were, to her, only voices—as though the Fates themselves had spoken to her over the thin green partition that divided one booth from another. One voice was high, shrill, a hard voice. And the other was low and lazy. The voices were very loud.

"I saw Trudi Levine today," said the high voice.

The name was, of course, familiar to Lena. She wondered if this Trudi was related to the great man who had done so much for Mina.

"The poor lamb," said the lazy voice. "How does she look?"

"Ghastly. She said Reno was too foul for words. And the little boy's been sick or something."

"Is he going to marry that wench?" said the throaty voice.

"Marry her?" Lena jumped at the shrill laugh that soared over the flimsy partition to her small booth. "Why should *she* marry *him?* She runs the studio now. Sadie Furness told me she dictates about everything. Last week she made him take Princess Odile away from Lona Sandal and give it to her. Imagine Crystal Conti as Princess Odile!"

"Did I hurt you, madame?" said the hairdresser solicitously to Mrs. Schaetzel.

"No," said Lena.

IF that voice would only stop! But it did not. It went on, like fate, like a Juggernaut, and held mamma in its dreadful toils, fascinated, too weak to move.

"Hell," it said, "nobody on that lot can call their soul their own any more. Mme. Conti is the power behind that throne. He'll wreck the company if it goes on."

There was an interval of silence. Outside, on Highland Avenue, an automobile horn was going mad. High, happy voices of the younger generation, going home from high school. Somewhere a woman laughed.

The furry voice spoke, slightly muffled: "I've been around some, but I'll be damned if I know what men want. I mean, take Byron Levine. There's Trudi, with those two swell kids. And you know how she fought for him and worked for him when he didn't have a dime. Along comes a little tart of an extra girl and he goes nuts. Nobody cares what he does if he'd have some decency, but to make a *star* out of her, and flaunt her, and insult people who've worked for him for years—"

In the next booth the roar of a drying machine began. The shrill voice rose higher to make itself heard, so that the whole beauty parlor seemed filled with its noise. That half-sweet steamy, soapy air was something, too, that never again as long as she lived could Lena Schaetzel smell without hearing that shrill voice.

"Carl told me—he directed her in one picture—that she is absolutely the world's worst actress, bar nobody. But the way Levine forces her—casts and stories and *publicity*—why, he spent nine hundred thousand dollars on that last piece of tripe she made, and you know how much chance he's got to get nine hundred thousand back on one of her pictures nowadays. And Carl says she hasn't got a thing but her looks, except ambition. She's got that all right. And the way she treats people on that lot, like they were *dirt*. Oh, she's got him absolutely licked."

The girl tied a canvas bag around Lena Schaetzel's head and turned on the warm air.

"There, madame," she said. "You all right?"

"Yes, I'm all right," said mamma.

. . . . . .

"Mina."

The bedroom was awhirl. Crystal Conti was dressing to go out to dinner.

"Yes, mamma. I'm sorry, darling. I'm in such a hurry. Ethel, get the ruby pin, please. Come on in, mamma."

She turned from the dressing table. "You can go, Ethel. I'll—I'll call you," said Crystal Conti.

It was not possible that mamma's face could look like that. Like a Medusa. Such faded old eyes could not—could not!—hold such vengeance. Crystal Conti put up one hand against lightning, against thunder, against something that must strike her down. She stood up, holding herself tall and beautiful for a moment. But the little old figure took one step and she sat down again.

"That you should have lived and my Maxie died!" said mamma. "You—you—"

But she did not know the words. They were unfamiliar to her.

"Mamma, mamma!" said Crystal Conti.

"Your papa—with all his pride, all the dreams he has dreamed already, thinking you—*ach, Gott!*—an artist! He calls you a great artist. He lives for you. He— And all the time, all the time—I would rather see you dead now, this minute, dead at my feet, than to see what I see before me. I would rather kill you now, and lay you somewhere in the ground—not beside my Maxie—no, never! — somewhere alone where people should forget that you ever lived—than that papa should know. You have killed him—papa who loves you so."

On a deep sobbing breath the woman cried, "Mamma!"

"You should use that name, which you have called me when you were a little girl—which my Maxie called me—you, when that poor woman with her little children has got already a broken heart on account of you and your famousness! That I cannot forgive you. That and papa—your papa—"

"Mamma," the voice mumbled—broke.

And suddenly the old woman went to her, suddenly she had the tall, beautiful girl in her arms, had the fair head upon her shoulder. The awfulness had gone from her face. It was as though she were crucified against the tall white figure.

"My baby," she said, "my baby." . . .

The train sped through the hot desert night. The drawing-room, full of the smell of fruit and flowers, was stuffy.

"Vell, here ve are," said Max Schaetzel. "I blame myself that I have not seen how that California climate it smothers you," he said. "You should have told me, mamma."

"Such a good time you had, papa," she said.

Papa patted her shoulder. "Ve have seen Mina," he said, "ve have seen Hollywood. As long as you are all right, I vill be all right.

"My daughter, she is a great artist," said papa, "und that is enough for me. Such things I have to tell Professor Emerson, he vill not believe."

The train sped on into the night. Papa was chuckling happily.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—What was the Whisky Rebellion?
2—In what state is the largest producing gold mine?
3—Which is the smallest and oldest republic in the world?
4—Who were the "Butternuts"?
5—Who was the first Vice President of the United States?
6—What is regarded as the first Canadian novel?
7—What is zincite?
8—In Canada, which province leads in the fishing industry?
9—When was the first locomotive used commercially in the United States?
10—Which state leads in the production of lumber?
11—What is the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States?
12—To what country does the island of Guam belong?
13—What is a party whip?
14—What is sabotage?
15—Who was Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky?
16—In English history, which king was known as Longshanks?
17—Where is the "Gibraltar of America"?
18—What is an acrostic?
19—Of what country was Lusitania the ancient name?
20—Who was Yorick?

(Answers will be found on page 51)

QUESTION—How can mothers tell if children are getting enough Vitamin B? *See page 51 for answer.*

Why not find a way to make him want to eat instead...

DON'T scold your child! Find out first if anything is holding back his appetite.

Many children haven't a normal desire for food because they fail to get enough of the important appetite-stimulating factor—*Vitamin B.*

This can easily be supplied now, with the help of a delicious, appetite-building drink—*Chocolate flavored Vitavose!* Adding three heaping teaspoonfuls of Chocolate flavored Vitavose to a glass of milk makes it as rich in Vitamin B as a *whole* quart of milk.

Children also benefit from the food iron and other minerals this delicious drink supplies.

Have a glass waiting for your child every day when he comes home from school. You'll see an improvement in his appetite and weight.

For mother and father! A cupful of Chocolate flavored Vitavose hot before going to bed has all the relaxing effects of a hot drink in promoting sleep. Try it tonight.

SQUIBB *flavored* CHOCOLATE VITAVOSE

A delicious appetite-building drink for the child who won't eat

Amazons, Adversity, and Amours

A Classical Satire; Lionel Barrymore in a British-Flavored Drama; A Burlesqued Burlesque; and a Hospital Comedy in the New Films

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 7 minutes 42 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ THE WARRIOR'S HUSBAND

CAST: Antiope, Elissa Landi; Hippolyta, Marjorie Rambeau; Sapiens, Ernest Truex; Theseus, David Manners; Pomposia, Helen Ware; Buria, Maude Eburne; Heroica, Claudia Coleman; Sapiens' Major, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Pokus, John Sheehan; Homer, Lionel Belmore; Sergeant of the Guards, Helene Madison. Directed by Walter Lang.

YES, there was a time when sex was *vice versa* and women ruled the roosters. They even wore the tin pants, helmets, and shields, strutted and swashbuckled, and went to war, while the male shrimps wore their beards in curls, knit, and coquetted.

In the magnificent palace of the Amazons Marjorie Rambeau is queen, strutting her stuff more imperiously than Cæsar himself, yet as quietly witty as Mae West at her naughtiest. Elissa Landi, her handsome young sister, is commander of the " Imperial Broads."

Zeus had given Hercules " ten labors " to perform, one of them being to secure the girdle of the queen of the Amazons without which they would be harmless. He is on the way with a Greek army to get it. Marjorie needs money for the war. Helen Ware, the Maxim-Vickers of the time, offers to supply it if Marjorie will marry her son, Ernest Truex. She does so, but greatly to Ernie's chagrin he becomes husband in name only!

The Amazons learn that the Greek warriors are men. What a laugh! But they are amazed when David Manners, commander of the Greeks, arrives in advance to demand the girdle. He's no shrimp, and Elissa Landi can almost go for him. They'll fight anyway, so Marjorie orders her girls to battle. But alas! Ernie, piqued because of being neglected, steals Marjorie's girdle and gives it to Hercules. Of course the battle is lost and the Amazons are carried off to the victors' tents—and like it!

Here is something new in motion pictures—magnificent sets, wonderful costumes, stirring music backgrounding the broadest and most hilarious satire that has come to the screen.

One of the amazin' Amazons, Elissa Landi, in The Warrior's Husband. With her is David Manners.

Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in a scene from Looking Forward, a British-flavored film.

★★★ LOOKING FORWARD

CAST: Benton, Lionel Barrymore; Service, Sr., Lewis Stone; Isobel, Benita Hume; Caroline, Elizabeth Allan; Michael, Phillips Holmes; Geoffrey, Colin Clive; Birkenshaw, Alec B. Francis; Mrs. Benton, Doris Lloyd; Felton, Halliwell Hobbes; Willis, Douglas Walton; Elsie, Viva Tattersall; Bendicott, Lawrence Grant; Tressitt, George K. Arthur; Burton, Charles Irwin; Barker, Billy Bevan. Directed by Clarence Brown.

Lewis Stone is the owner of " Service's," the Marshall Field's of Britain. Elizabeth Allan and Phillips Holmes are his two spoiled children. Comes the depression and Service has to retrench, Lionel Barrymore, a " clark " of forty years' standing, being one of the victims. But Lionel has a sturdy English wife (Doris Lloyd) and two corking children (Douglas Walton and Viva Tattersall), and in a short time they are making good with a small home bakery. Service, facing bankruptcy, is about to sell out to a cheap rival when *his* children, jolted from their spendthrift lives, plead with him to carry on, and heartened by their spirit, he does so, with Lionel returning to the bakery department.

The play shows the English standing up under adversity, and with pretty nearly an all-British cast it rings delightfully true. Lionel Barrymore is starred by the studio, but Lewis Stone is the central character, with Elizabeth Allan next in importance. It's a beautiful production in every respect, with a rising note of Roosevelt-ian optimism at the end.

This is merely one of a long series of pictures in which Lionel Barrymore is cast as a kind-hearted, simple-minded old man. If he doesn't watch out the studios will have him "typed."

★★ SHE OUTDONE HIM

CAST: Dorothy Granger, Tom Kennedy, Leslie Fenton, June Brewster.

It had to come. A picture as bright, bawdy, and successful as She Done Him Wrong was bound to be kidded. But to satirize a satire is a job. Harry Sweet, however, has been equal to it in this very amusing two-reeler. All the high lights of the original have been done over with a

A scene from She Outdone Him, a sparkling satire, showing Leslie Fenton and Dorothy Granger.

deft and hilarious touch, the best thing in it being the singing of My Mother Was a Lady by Bud Jamison impersonating the old Bowery vaudevillian. Leslie Fenton is also excellent as the lad of virtue who fell for Diamond Lil. Too bad they couldn't have found a gal of the voluptuous pulchritude of Mae West to impersonate that gorgeous rôle.

★★ THE GIRL IN 419

CAST: Dr. Daniel French, James Dunn; Mary Dolan, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Martin Nichols, David Manners; Peter Lawton, William Harrigan; Irene Blaine, Shirley Grey; Sammy, Jack La Rue; Slug, Johnny Hines; Otto Hoffer, Vince Barnett; Telephone Operator, Kitty Kelly; Lieutenant Riley, Edward Gargan; Detective Jackson, James Burke; Horton, Clarence Wilson; Lucy, Gertrude Short.

This picture should be shown *everywhere* during National Beware of Accidents Week as a warning to avoid emergency hospitals. For, if you are to believe it, the docs and internes are just a bunch of amorous kids dating up the nurses and telephone operators and making love to the patients. Furthermore, if they don't like you they may deliberately murder you!

Smiling Jimmie Dunn is the venerable head of a great metropolitan emergency hospital and even *he* takes nurses into private rooms and kisses them. Though there are white-coated medicos all over the works, Jimmie seems to be the only surgeon in the place, performing one major operation after another, but always with time for love. Comes Gloria Stuart, a gangster's moll, her body all black and blue but, for photographic reasons, not a mark on her pretty face, and Jimmie goes so completely ga-ga over her sleeping beauty that no sooner does he cut off a pair of legs or trephine a fellow's bean than he hot-foots right back to her bedside. With the arrival of the gangster chief we begin to get plot and the usual violence. Jack La Rue, a subgangster, shoots David Manners in the arm and Vince Barnett in the wastebasket. There is hell to pay. But how to get rid of the villain?—always a cinematic problem. You'll be surprised—and shocked.

James Dunn and Gloria Stuart in The Girl in 419, a picture which shows how those doctors cut up!

Dr. David Manners actually *poisons* him! Which oughta go swell with the American Medical Association.

If you approach it as a comedy it's pretty amusing. There is one fellow who has been sneezing for weeks, a tabloid reporter standing by for a world's record.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Strect, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood.

★★★—I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King, The Kid from Spain.

OFF THE SCREEN—

—BY HARRIET PARSONS—

MARILYN MILLER'S constant escort at the moment is Jerry Gordon, New York business man. All in all it looks as if Marilyn's romance with Don Alvarado has at last come to an end. Don followed her back to New York last fall and they were seen everywhere together. They even made an impromptu—and unintentional—trip to Europe when, attending a bon voyage party aboard the Bremen, they failed to get off in time. Now, however, Don has been in Hollywood for some time while Marilyn is still doing the gay spots in New York. And although he's doing some stepping out himself don't let it fool you—Don's still carrying the torch for Marilyn—plenty.

Joan Crawford supervised the furnishing of Franchot Tone's new apartment. Which either indicates a newly awakened interest in interior decoration on Joan's part—or something less impersonal. Take your choice.

A prominent Hollywood business man was surprised the other day to find himself cut in on a Honolulu-Hollywood phone call. He was even more surprised to realize that the young man who was earnestly beseeching a lady to catch the first possible boat for Hawaii was a well known star. And when he discovered that the feminine voice belonged to an even more famous star he nearly dropped dead.

The Web of the Red Spider

(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

A Startling Exposé of World-wide Intrigue

IN Liberty last week Mr. Viereck gave examples of the frankness of Communists, in New York and in Germany, concerning their intention to destroy capitalist governments from within. He then traced their attitude to Moscow and to the avowed program of the Communist International.

PART TWO—UNDERMINING CHRISTENDOM

IN spite of temporary strategic retreats, the ultimate object of the Communist International has not changed since 1919. The Sixth World Congress of the Comintern, meeting in 1928, like the first, proclaimed:

> The final object of the Communist International is to supplant the capitalistic economic world order with communism. . . . The seizure of power through the proletariat means the forcible destruction of bourgeois power, the demolition of the capitalistic state machinery . . . and their replacement through new organs of proletarian power, whose chief purpose shall be to hold down the exploiters.

The Sixth World Congress insists upon subjection "of all local and special interests" to "the general and permanent interest of the Communist International."

All sections of the Comintern in other countries must rigidly maintain the discipline imposed from headquarters. The Soviet Union is hailed as "the capital of the International Revolution." Here, we are told, "the proletariat has found its first fatherland." The statement that Russia is the "fatherland of the worker" reappeared in a speech by a German Communist leader, Crispien, who boldly asserted: "I know no such country as Germany." It was on the strength of this statement that Hitler barred Crispien's meetings.

The Sixth World Congress recognizes the "unparalleled rôle" which the Soviet Union is destined to play in the world revolution. Soviet Russia's very existence confirms that the working class is "not only capable of destroying capitalism but to build up Socialism."

Every now and then we hear that Russia is ready to embrace capitalism and is slowing up the "tempo of revolution." Such statements are traps for the unwary. Bolshevism is willing to wait, if conditions warrant. But it does not change its program.

In Russia every manifestation contrary to the Red creed is rigidly repressed. But Communist parties and agitators may sow the seed of disruption in every capitalist country where constitutional guaranties protect alike the friends of the state and its enemies. Whatever fluctuations may have influenced the propaganda emanating from Moscow, the Executive Committee of the Communist International (ECCI) in September, 1932, announced that the stabilization of capitalism was ended.

Published in Pravda of October 11 and in Humanité of October 6, the announcement of the ECCI attributes the collapse of the world's economic structure to the success of the Soviet state and its revolutionizing effect. The present period is the beginning of "the second round in the large-scale conflicts between the classes and individual states." The Red flood is rising in Germany, Poland, Spain, India, China, and Japan.

ECCI demands "sharper tactics . . . economic and political strikes and other revolutionary activities." It urges an active battle against "decreases in wages" and the "rights of labor," the situation being "pregnant with the possibility of sudden explosion."

In view of recent developments, it is noteworthy that Bolshevist literature designates Germany as the country most advanced on the road to revolution. The general strike is extolled as the most effective weapon. It was the threat of such a strike which forced Chancellor von Papen to resign last November. Against the Third Empire of Hitler, the Third International envisages a German Workers' and Peasants' Socialist Federation.

The Soviet Germany of the ECCI includes Austria and all German-speaking regions. Here Bolshevism slyly allies itself with German nationalism. (In Poland it encourages the Poles, in Czechoslovakia the Czechoslovakians, against the Germans.) The ECCI admonishes the German Communist Party to adopt means which will enable it to continue as an illegal organization if it should be outlawed legally.

If we in the United States were to take a leaf out of the book of Soviet Russia, we would "liquidate" or exterminate every party or movement whose avowed purpose it is to accomplish our destruction. Italy makes short shrift of its own Communists. That is one reason why Mussolini is respected in Moscow.

After Hitler's overwhelming victory the Comintern issued orders to its members to close ranks with the Second International, which until then they had fought most fiercely, in common opposition to German Fascism. It is doubtful whether German Socialism will accept the proffered hand of Moscow. He who eats of the Bolshevist cake dies of it.

The Comintern is a holding company which controls the Russian government. The boards of directors of the holding company and of the Russian government are largely identical. Thus the Soviet Union and the Comintern are the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde among nations. The Bolshevist Hyde can repudiate the Bolshevist Jekyll and Jekyll can profess—with uplifted brow—ignorance of the doings of Hyde. Thus they defeat the penal codes of nations and make a mock of international engagements.

Everyone knows that Stalin is the master of Russia. Nevertheless, if the ambassador of an injured power were to press any complaint about Bolshevist interference in the internal affairs of his country to Stalin, the Red dictator could shrug his shoulders and say: "I merely hold an obscure commissariat in the Soviet gov-

ernment." Any protest would be rendered futile by this farce.

The Red holding company recognizes only one superior: the World Congress of the Comintern, scheduled to meet once every two years.

The strongest contingent of the Red International represented in the World Congress is the Russian Communist Party with a membership of but 1,300,000. Its German sister, the KPD, though rallying four and one-half million votes in the last, and six million votes in the previous election, is equally exclusive. Its total registered membership is (or was until recently) 120,000. By holding down the membership, the Comintern exercises a control and supervision which constitute a miracle of organization.

U. & U. News photo

May Day in Berlin: Hindenburg returns the Nazi salute.

Ostensibly the World Congress determines all questions of tactics and organization. Actually the steam roller of the ECCI flattens out all opposition. We have seen what happened to Trotsky when he dared to assert a policy of his own!

The Russian section is not only the strongest numerically, but it dominates the Congress by virtue of its control of the Soviet Union.

The World Congress elects from its members an International Control Commission (ICC), which decides disputes between Communist factions. In the interval between meetings of the World Congress the ECCI assumes control of the individual sections.

The ECCI meets at least once every six months. It, in turn, elects a "Presidium" and a "Secretariat." The Presidium consists of thirty-nine members, including nine members of the Russian Communist Party. One half of the membership constitutes a quorum. Many of the foreign members are unable to attend the meetings. The preponderance of the Russians in the Secretariat is even more pronounced. The combination makes the control of the oligarchy of the Kremlin complete.

The functions of the Presidium are split into five subdivisions: the Committee on Organization; the Secretariat; the Committee on Agitation and Propaganda (Agitprop); the Committee on Information; the Editorial Committee.

The Editorial Committee controls the Communist International and the International Press Correspondence (Imprecor). The Imprecor appears in four languages. The Secretariat supervises all educational institutions.

ONE of the duties of the ECCI is to "aid and foment the illegal activities of Communist sections in other countries."

The West European division is in charge of Germany, France, etc. There is a separate department for South America, a Department for the East, and a Department for the Balkans. North America is, or was until a few years ago, under the guardianship of the West European bureau. The connection evidently still exists. Now that Hitler is sweeping Germany with an iron broom, Soviet shekels will probably reach American agents hereafter from Paris or Prague. Hitler's right-hand man, Goering, insists that at present the funds for the German Communist Party flow into Germany from the French capital.

There is also an International Department for Women and a Department for Children. The department in charge of revolutionization of the children specializes in antimilitarism. In another article I shall trace its activities appearing now and then in American schools.

The masters of the Kremlin consider that the European revolution awaits a revolution in Germany. For that reason they pay special attention to Germany. The KPD is organized similarly to the parent body.

The political bureau of the KPD controls the members and supervises the work of planting Communist "cells" in the army, the police, and in youth organizations. Special "cells" are intrusted with the agitation in individual factories and individual "block aid" for Communism. Union Square in New York has seen brawls organized or provoked by such "cells." Some "cells" are placed in the schools. Others carry dissension into labor unions and the political clubs of rival organizations.

THE Red International maintains close contact with various organizations which protect its emissaries from the legal consequences of their illegal actions under the camouflage of "humanitarianism." The woolly-haired and woolly-brained leaders of such organizations may be blissfully unaware that they are pawns on the Red checkerboard.

In Europe the Communists extend their activities into athletic clubs. In the United States organizations opposed to the Boy Scouts, Young Communists or Young Anti-Fascists, form the nucleus of similar movements.

The Soviets have key men and key women in every country. Some are official members of the Communist parties. Others are actual or ostensible independents. All have a definite part in the mobilization plan for world revolution.

The Comintern maintains an intelligence service in all capitalistic countries. While drawing into its own military reserves not only the manhood of Russia, but its women and children, the Red International embraces pacifism in all other countries. Thus the Red spider lures innumerable idealists into the Bolshevist parlor.

Some time ago, when President Hindenburg addressed the world by radio, the Communists succeeded in disturbing the broadcast. Soviet Russia is steadily improving its own apparatus for broadcasting. The film is another powerful instrument skillfully employed by the Comintern.

Another important section of Communist propaganda embraces the colonies and all colonial nations. It does not neglect the American Negro. Its Red trail appears in the more radical race publications.

Bolshevism has been especially successful in Asia. Japan may not be entirely unjustified in claiming that she is building a wall against Communism in China. Yet it may be doubted if a wall of bayonets can keep out an idea. Without being enamored of Fascism, one may concede that it may be necessary as an antidote against Communism.

The Bolshevist-Fascist conflict in Germany and the arrest by Hitler of one hundred Communist deputies, whether justified or not, shows that the battle has reached a stage so acute that it cannot be ignored.

I am not in the position to state to what extent our difficulties are accentuated by Bolshevist propaganda. Runs on banks caused by whispering campaigns are entirely in accordance with Red methods. We have seen but lately how, in some half-cracked brain, the seed of class strife assiduously sown by the Comintern may burgeon into murder.

In Liberty next week Mr. Viereck will uncover some Red activities in this country: propaganda within labor unions and the fomenting of race prejudice, as well as whispering campaigns against banks.

Chain-Store Idyll

A Story of Love and an Irishman's Luck

(Reading time: 8 minutes 10 seconds.)

MICHAEL CONCANNON. From Roscommon. A tall, slimsy, broad-shouldered country boy with a smile. What a smile Michael has! All his "ladies"—the customers—like Michael.

You know the P. J. O'Toole stores. Fronts painted peacock blue, pyramids of beautiful canned goods behind the shining plate-glass windows.

Michael works from seven to seven, nine on Saturdays. He lives with a cousin over in Fordham. He's not married.

It's spring, this particular day I'm telling you about. Michael feels good. Maybe he can get out in the country tomorrow. Tomorrow's Sunday.

When lunchtime comes he takes a turn, over to the Drive and back.

He's just coming back leisurely, along Broadway, when he sees a girl turn in at the store. He hurries. Sure, it isn't two o'clock yet, but Michael is obliging.

She's got a swirl of waved black hair under the dinky little hat set on the side of her head. Her coat is black, straight and simple. Under it is a flash of white. But she's never a nursemaid, not this girl. Who can she be?

The girl gives him look for look, cool but not fresh, like some of them. She says:

"Could I get a few cigarettes, please?"

There's just the hint of a brogue on her tongue. It's like the taste of a cinnamon drop. Michael thinks to himself: "Cigarettes, oho! You weren't smoking cigarettes some time back, I'll bet ye."

She's gone, and he's standing there for all the world like a daft creature when Jim, his helper, comes in.

He stares at the boy.

"Did ye see the young lady who just left here?"

Jim ambles to the door and looks out.

"Would it be that one?"

Michael, standing bemused, follows his glance, and sure enough, there's her ladyship popping into the doorway of the office building opposite.

"Oh, she's the nurse in Dr. Franken's office. The dentist."

It's days before Michael sees the girl again. He walks past the building where Dr. Franken's office is every lunch hour. But when he does see her at last, he gets scared. He hurries by, not daring to speak.

Then, one rainy Tuesday, she breezes in. Michael takes hold of himself.

"And what can I get for you?"

She'll have half a pound of tea—Ceylon, please.

Michael weighs, wraps. There's no one else in the store. He says slowly:

"You're from home?"

"I am."

"How long are ye over, now?"

"Oh, it's five years."

"Three for me," Michael confesses. "You're an old-timer. A real Yank, I suppose."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that." Her laugh is sweet. It's like the chimes in church on Sunday morning. It emboldens Michael.

"Are ye living hereabouts, then?"

"I live over in Brooklyn," she tells him, gathering up her bundle.

"D'ye like it there?"

"Oh, it's all right. I'm not crazy about the city at all. The noise and the dirt—"

He leans forward eagerly.

"Me too. D'ye ever get out to the fields Sundays? I do. My feet get tired of the pavements."

She nods understandingly.

"I'm going over to Jersey this Sunday afternoon," he says. "Wouldn't you come along?"

Serve him right for a booby, she'll turn him down of course.

But she doesn't. She says, very softly:

"All right. Where'll I meet you?"

The store, which has long been Michael's dearest pride, now becomes something like a dream for him. He exists only for the time he sees Cecelia—that's her name—Cecelia Hart. She's a real nurse. She trained in Dublin.

They go over to Jersey on sunny Sundays. Michael takes her to a Loyal Sons dance, and all the girls give her the eye. Michael swells with pride.

It's Michael's bad luck to have Cecelia come in one morning when Mrs. Herkowitz's *Fräulein,* brave in her smart caped coat, is giving the order. She's plump and golden-blonde, with big pale-blue eyes. The blue veil suits her and she knows it. She simpers at Michael and whispers to him as he gives her change, and Cecelia, lounging in a corner, looks proud and scornful.

"Why didn't you hold her hand?" Cecelia wants to know when she's gone.

Michael's in a bit of a fluster. You've got to be polite to a customer, haven't you? He can't help it if the *Fräulein* is silly.

Cecelia tosses her head. She's very angry.

NEXT time Michael telephones her she's very cool to him altogether. No, she can't see a picture and have a bite of supper on Tuesday night. How about Sunday? Well, Sunday's taken, too.

The world turns black for Michael. He can't eat, he doesn't sleep well, his work suffers. The supervisor gives him a good talking-to.

One day he telephones the office. A strange voice answers. Miss Hart isn't there; don't know when she'll be back. Michael hangs up, despair in his heart.

He's checking over his lists that evening just at six o'clock, when the *Fräulein* stops by. Will he bring a case of ginger ale up to the apartment right away? He isn't supposed to leave the store at this time, but, after all, it's just around the corner.

He hurries, but he has to wait for the service elevator, and when he gets upstairs the *Fräulein* detains him for a bit. How has he been? He hasn't been looking so good lately. She puts a plump pink hand on his arm and Michael backs away. He almost breaks his neck running down the stairs, not waiting for the elevator. He has the queerest feeling . . .

There's something queer about the store, too. Sure, Jim is behind the counter. But he's white as sugar.

"What's wrong?" Michael's stomach feels funny.

The boy is daffy, sure enough. What's he doing—pointing to the cash drawer? It's open— Mother Mary —it's empty!

He takes her by the arm, shaking her a little.

By

MABEL McELLIOTT CLARKE

Illustration by HARRY T. FISK

"Two fellers," Jim says. "Right after you come in—They had a gun—"

Oh, he's done for, he's licked, Michael Concannon. The supervisor was on his neck before. Now they'll never believe him. He had no business going up to the Herkowitz apartment. It was taking a chance. That *Fräulein*—

He dashes through the doorway to find the copper on the corner. Kelly's not there. He'll have to call the station.

As he turns into the drug store he hears someone call his name. A voice with the chime of bells in it. No, he's not dreaming. It's herself, in a new gray suit. What a time to meet her!

"WHERE are you going, Michael?"

He stumbles over the words. There's been a holdup—he's got to call the station—

Cecelia crinkles up her eyes, laughing at him. He's savage. He takes her by her arms, shaking her a little.

"Ye little fool—it's all your fault." She hasn't a heart in her, or she'd know what she's done to him. How could he pay any mind to his job when she treated him so badly?

"Is that all?" Cecelia laughs. "Don't bother calling the station, Michael," she tells him calmly. "We've got them over here, on the corner."

Kelly with the wagon, two handcuffed wretches within, grins at him.

"Hullo, Concannon. Ride along with us. I've got the stuff here."

The money from the blue-front cash drawer!

"We'll follow you in a taxi," Cecelia says, cool as cool.

Michael hands her in. He's trembling.

"I saw them going in," Cecelia tells him. "I knew Jim was alone. I thought they looked suspicious, so I told Kelly about it. He was waiting for them when they came out."

"How did you happen to be around?"

Cecelia colors. "I was just waiting," she says—"waiting for my cousin Maude, who works in the next block."

She looks at him in the instant, and Michael knows, suddenly, that she's lying.

He grabs her, like one of those cave men in the pictures.

Then Michael has his lips against that smoky cloud of hair. He mutters, "I wish you didn't smoke. I don't like it in a wife."

She twists away from him, and he thinks she's angry. But she's only laughing.

"I don't," she says. "I was buying them for Dr. Franken."

After a bit Michael says:

"Will you marry a man without a job, because P. J. will probably fire me when he hears about this."

Cecelia is patting her curls into place. She laughs at him.

"Not if I know it," she tells him. "He's my own third cousin, and has been telling me you're in line for that store up in Larchmont. I've always wanted to live out within sight of the fields, and there's a little house up there . . ."

THE END

Cartoons by
H. R. McBRIDE

What Means

There's No Mystery the Simple A B C

By J. C. LONG

(Reading time: 8 minutes 25 seconds.)

AS these words are being written inflation is taking place in the United States. No matter what bills are passed or defeated in this country during 1933, the trend will be in the direction of inflation. The need for it is too strong to be resisted.

Whatever the ups and downs may be from month to month, the average trend will be upward as the year draws to its close and will continue upward for some time to come. I do not refer to the stock market particularly. I refer to the fact that there will be a widespread rise in business activity and prices, due to continued inflation of a sort that we do not need to fear.

Each of us is primarily concerned with how inflation is going to affect our own purses, our relative financial position and possible standard of living. Before going into what inflation is, and why it is inevitable, let us examine how it will work out for us as individuals.

The school-teacher or anyone on the public pay roll will be more sure of his job, more likely to get paid, less likely to have any further salary cut. This will be offset by the fact that his salary will not buy as much as it will right at the present time, assuming that he is actually getting his pay check. Things will cost more.

The girl who works in an office will find that her salary will not stretch as far as it does today. On the other hand, she need not be as scared of losing her job. She will get back to the salary status that she had before, and her prospects of advancing financially will again be a reality because there will be a competition for girls.

The man who clerks in a store, works in a factory, or does a day's labor is going to be in about the same position. He will need more pay in order to get as much food and clothing as he is getting today. But he will get more pay. He will have more regular work than at present. There will be renewed competition for labor and a tendency for wage scales to return to former levels.

The widow who is supported by interest on real-estate mortgages will find that the number of dollars she gets from this source, say $3,000 a year, will not buy her as good a standard of living as it does today when things are abnormally cheap. But she will find that the people who owe her this interest will be able to pay it.

The man who runs a shoe store or some other retail enterprise is going to make a larger profit, especially if he can operate efficiently and keep his prices at a reasonably narrow advance above the wholesale rate. It will take time for people to get on their feet again, and while buying will be active, retail prices will tend to advance more slowly, since the consumer has been trained to hunt bargains. The fundamental principle will apply, however, that a rise in prices within reasonable limits brings activity in trade.

People who depend on income from stocks and bonds are going to be, for the most part, in a much better position than during the past three years.

The farmer is going to pay higher wages for his hired hands; to pay more for fertilizer, machinery, paint and other supplies. But he will get a much higher price for wheat, hogs, corn, milk, cotton, or whatever he raises. The interest money on his mortgage, which remains at a set figure unless some readjustment downward has already taken place, obviously can be paid more easily as his crops bring higher prices.

You may ask why one can say that inflation will have the effects I have outlined.

First of all, what is any inflation? Have you ever seen a toy balloon full of gas glistening in the light? Have you seen it some time later, shrunken, its color darkened, its glowing sides contracted into deep irregular wrinkles? It is then unattractive, with no buoyancy, and is destined for complete collapse unless the escape of gas is stopped or unless new gas is blown into it.

At the present time the business of this country is in the state of the balloon which has lost most of its gas. Inflation today means the same thing as inflation to the balloon. Likewise, further deflation of it means complete collapse and return to a barter existence.

The amount of gas in the balloon is the money supply we need to conduct a normal amount of trade at reasonable prices. The skin of the balloon is the volume of trade. For example, in a small village with little trading you would need only a small supply, but in a vast nation you need a vast supply.

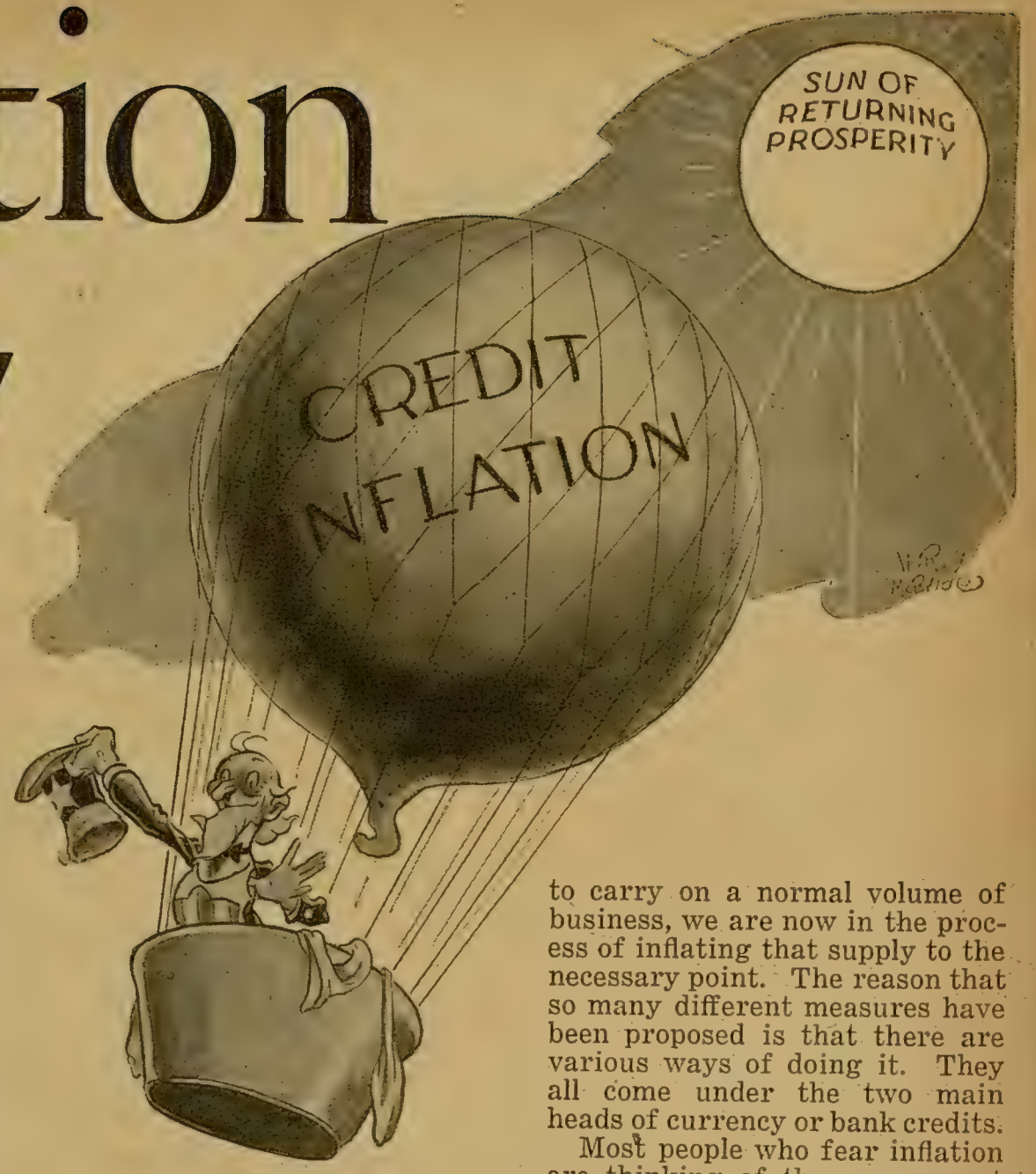
It may be difficult to define normal trade at reasonable prices, because conditions always vary. There has never been any arbitrary standard for such matters. Nevertheless there is a feel of general prosperity which we can all recognize. The years 1925-29 are recognized as being generally prosperous, and they were years of a substantial money supply.

In 1929 we had an available money supply of 62 billion dollars. These 62 billion dollars were made up of 4 billions in circulating currency (bills, certificates, or coins) and 58 billions in bank deposits.

You can forget everything else but these figures. In our present age the money supply consists of the currency in circulation (no matter whether bills or what) and the bank deposits. You can draw checks up to the amount of your bank deposits. That is your money supply plus whatever currency you may have in your

Inflation *to You*

About It—Here Is of How It Works



pocket. Your bank deposit is determined by whatever you put in the bank plus any loans (or credits) deposited to your account.

Most of the bank deposits are traceable back to a credit loan issued by a bank against some real products in trade. In normal times banks have a certain supply of currency and a far greater volume of loans or credits.

That brings us back to our 1929 supply of available money:

4 billion dollars in circulating currency.
58 billion dollars in bank deposits.
Total, 62 billion dollars in available money.

That 62 billion dollars represented the medium by means of which the labor and products were being traded, the volume of business being carried on.

What happened? The financial authorities, wisely or unwisely, thought too much gas had been pumped into the balloon. They thought that there was too much money supply, that prices were too high, and they started cutting down on loans or credits. They demanded settlements. But the cutting down of loans cut down that 58 billion dollars of bank deposits.

You thought you had a bank deposit of $1,000. The bank called your loan of $800 and left you but $200 balance. You had been doing business on the expectation of paying off that loan gradually.

When that loan was called, you were deflated. You were deflated because hordes of loans were called at the same time and you were unable to get credit elsewhere. You were unable to sell any of your property at a normal price, for everyone else was being forced to sell.

You are that shrunken balloon. The entire nation has been the shrunken balloon. The deflation got out of hand and affected everyone.

THE extent of this deflation is indicated in the change in the total available money supply. In the early part of this year the total of 62 billion dollars had shrunk to 42 billions. The shrinkage was not in gold supply or in circulating currency, but in the bank deposits, which had dropped to under 40 billions, a loss of nearly 20 billions.

There's where we were in the initial days of the new administration in Washington: available money supply cut from $62,000,000,000 to $42,000,000,000. Everywhere there was a great plenty of productive capacity, great supplies of goods; but we could not trade them in quantity at reasonable prices because the money supply was cut down.

Now it is necessary to inflate either the currency or the volume of bank loans to get a return of business. I do not say this is the only way conceivable, but it is the only way while we have the habit of thinking and trading in dollars.

With the whole nation needing a greater money supply to carry on a normal volume of business, we are now in the process of inflating that supply to the necessary point. The reason that so many different measures have been proposed is that there are various ways of doing it. They all come under the two main heads of currency or bank credits.

Most people who fear inflation are thinking of the government printing vast quantities of money without any check-up on the actual need or any limitation. There is no danger of that happening.

CONCEIVABLY the government could abolish currency and establish a system of bank credits equivalent to the money supply of 1929 and trade could function as actively as it ever has. Or the private bankers acting independently could restore credit to the 58-billion volume of four years ago, thereby inflating the money supply without adding at all to the currency. That is what the banks now have in mind to do as rapidly as conditions may permit.

We could leave the subject as finished right there by pointing to these steps:

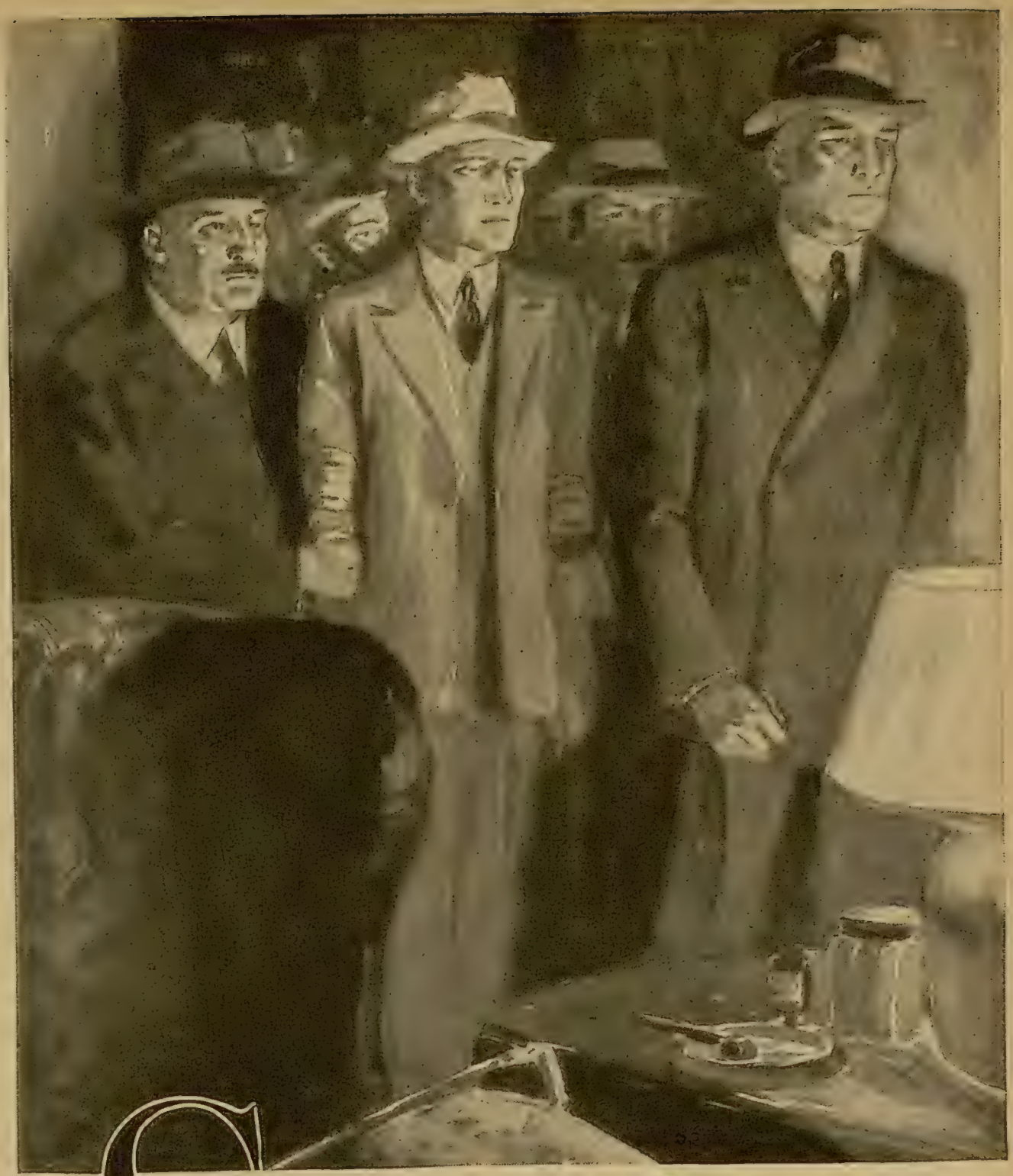
1. The chief form of money supply is bank deposits.
2. Most of the bank deposits originate in loans (to be repaid) against wheat crops, real estate, and other real values.
3. Banks are in a position to increase their loans.
4. Therefore the bank deposits will be inflated and the available money supply for all will be increased.

Currency inflation is inflation by the government without any provision, as a rule, for limitations and specific time of redemption. Currency inflation to a limited degree does little harm, because currency is but a small part of the money supply. It has some benefits because inflation spells higher prices, people rush to buy before prices advance, demand stimulates manufacture and employment, and the upward spiral has started.

Credit inflation by the banks has the same beneficial effects, and as the credit loans are against real goods or services there is always machinery to see that the loans are kept in line with a reasonable volume of trade. Credit inflation, or restoration, is well on its way because the nation is demanding it, believes in the administration, believes that lack of money supply must not block recovery. This restored faith and the alternative of complete control of money supply by the government are impelling the financial world to move forward.

THE END

A Thrill, a Surprise —and the Curtain Rings Down on This Stirring Drama of Today



Scarlet

Illustrations by STOCKTON MULFORD

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

KARNAK was settling itself to the mild enjoyment of an average evening. In the lobby of the Hollywood Theater a radio battled heroically against static. A few of the younger crowd gathered at the soda fountains of the two drug stores. A half dozen guests lolled on the veranda of the Karnak Hotel, and outside Lefty Bragan's poolroom three or four gentlemen of leisure discussed their own toughness.

The night was quiet, peaceful, unexciting. It was like innumerable spring evenings that had gone before and innumerable ones that would come again. Nothing was happening, and there was no indication that anything was about to happen. Yet five men approached the Karnak State Bank with stern faces, while another man went to his home and prepared to use a telephone. On Railroad Avenue a tall handsome man was entering a cottage which was surrounded by a high fence. And in the Karnak State Bank Eddie Grainger worked alone.

He looked up in surprise as someone rapped authoritatively upon the locked door. He left his office, crossed the lobby, and opened the door.

"Good evening, Eddie," said Quincy Morrow.

"Good evening," answered Eddie without cordiality.

"May we come in?"

"I'm very busy."

"We have something important to discuss with you."

Eddie shrugged and gestured them inside. They followed him into the private office and seated themselves along the wall: Dr. Revelle, Sidney Greenberg, Quincy Morrow, Arthur Connor, and Paul Sanborn.

Was it merely coincidence, thought Eddie, that these five men had visited the bank in a group—at night? Was it accidental that there was no man in that group who had reason to feel friendly toward him? Was it his imagination, or did all five seem to be under a strain?

Eddie sensed a crisis—though he couldn't imagine what that crisis might be. The bank had squeezed these five men and would continue to squeeze them, but they were men of honor: gentlemen, not hoodlums.

"You wished to see me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"About what?"

Quincy Morrow tried to smile. "Go ahead with your work, Eddie. We're in no hurry."

"I'd prefer to talk now and work later."

The visitors glanced at one another. The situation was awkward, to say the least. Mr. Greenberg determined to say something to relieve the tension; but after opening his lips and emitting a small sound, he decided that the words he would have uttered might not be tactful. And so, much to the relief of Mr. Connor, who had seen the motion which was preliminary to audibility, he subsided.

Eddie was slightly annoyed. He sensed that they had come upon an unpleasant mission and he had small patience with their failure to state their business. He looked at Quincy Morrow, and Morrow returned his gaze.

Morrow's mind flashed back to the youth who had lolled for years against Ernie Rudd's Diner, reading poetry and philosophy. It was difficult for the mill owner to understand the change. He was an able man himself, and quick to recognize ability in others. In certain things Eddie Grainger was wrong: he had the fierce impulsiveness of extreme youth. But there was strength and confidence in that lean, ascetic face; character in the level blue eyes and the firm jaw.

"What is it?" inquired Eddie. "What do you gentlemen want with me?"

Quincy sparred for time: "We just dropped in, Eddie. Just a sort of social call."

Eddie showed the strain of recent weeks.

By OCTAVUS

Bill Vernon could not shoot. Quincy Morrow and Sidney Greenberg were standing between him and his target.

Woman

ROY COHEN

"I feel flattered, of course, Mr. Morrow; but I'm afraid I don't quite understand."

Morrow drew a long breath. "You will understand. And I wish you'd go right ahead with your work."

Eddie rose and looked down at them. "This whole thing strikes me as rather unusual. Surely you gentlemen didn't select this hour or this place to pay a social call."

"I assure you, Eddie—" started Arthur Connor.

The telephone rang!

Greenberg squirmed nervously. Quincy Morrow sighed with relief. Five pairs of eyes focused intently on Eddie Grainger's face as he lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello? . . . Yes, this is Grainger. Who is speaking, please?" A shade of impatience crept into his voice. "Oh, very well. What is it?" Then a long pause during which he listened. The color drained from his cheeks and his lips compressed into a thin white line. After a while he said: "You are certain? . . ." Then he hung the receiver back on the hook and turned to his visitors. Save for the pallor and a new dignity which had come to him, he seemed unimpressed.

"You gentlemen will have to excuse me. That call was from my home, and I must go immediately."

"But, Eddie—"

"I'm sorry. I don't wish to be impolite. But I'm leaving and you gentlemen will have to leave also."

"You're going home?"

"Yes."

Morrow laughed genially. "That's fine, Eddie. We'll go home with you. We can talk more comfortably there."

"I'm going alone."

"No, no, Eddie. We put this evening aside for you, and we're going home with you."

Eddie's voice became brittle: "I don't understand any part of this. But since you force me, I'm telling you that you are intruding."

"We don't mean to."

"Just the same you are."

They sat motionless, staring at him. His cheeks flushed. "What's the matter?" he asked sharply.

Arthur Connor spoke softly: "Of course you don't understand, Eddie. But, whether you like it or not, we're going home with you."

"Oh—I see." The young man bit his lip. "I—I appreciate this. But I'd prefer to go alone."

"Believe me, Eddie," broke in Mr. Greenberg, "it's best we should go with you. I wouldn't lie to you, Eddie."

So they knew! Eddie couldn't understand how they knew, or exactly what it was they did know; but he realized that they had been waiting for that telephone call.

"I can't resent this interference," he said slowly, "because I realize that you are trying to help me. But this is a per-

With a gesture of apology he slipped a revolver into his pocket. Then he rose from his desk.

Her hands pressed against his chest and she shoved with all her puny strength.

sonal matter and I prefer to handle it alone."

"We are going with you," said Quincy Morrow firmly. "No matter what you say or do, we're going with you."

There was no use prolonging the argument. Eddie said, "Very well," and opened the top drawer of his desk. With a gesture of apology he slipped a revolver into his pocket. Then he rose.

"I'm rather helpless," he said. "I suppose I should be deeply appreciative, but I'm not. I ask you again, as gentlemen, to leave me alone."

"Sorry, Eddie. That's impossible," said Morrow.

They left the bank, cut across to Cypress Street to avoid Court-House Square, and walked swiftly toward the railroad.

IT was a queer, not altogether happy procession. In front was Eddie Grainger, flanked on either side by Quincy Morrow and Sidney Greenberg. Close behind, walking abreast, came Dr. Revelle, Arthur Connor, and Paul Sanborn.

Eddie looked straight ahead. He did not again ask them to leave him. Only once did he speak:

"You gentlemen expected me to receive that telephone call, didn't you?"

"Yes, Eddie—we did."

"Then," he said, "you know that there is likely to be serious trouble when I reach home."

"Yes."

"I wish you to understand," continued the young man in a cold, passionless voice, "that I intend to handle this in my own way."

They reached the corner of Railroad Avenue. Eddie shoved through the gate.

Two persons were framed in the window. One was Judith Grainger; the other was Bill Vernon. . . .

That night, over his coffee, Eddie had smiled across the table at Judith and paid her a compliment.

"I think," he observed, "that 'exquisite' is the correct word."

"For what?"

"To describe you. You look wonderful in yellow."

She flushed with pleasure.

"It isn't yellow," she laughed. "It's corn color."

"Whatever it is, I'm for it. Sort of sweater material?"

Eddie shoved back from the table. "And now—I'm off to work."

She joined him and slipped her arm through his.

"Need any help?"

"Not tonight. Just routine stuff."

"I'd love to come along."

"I know." He grinned boyishly. "But woman's place is in the home."

She walked with him across the veranda and down the pathway leading to the gate.

"Will you be late?" asked Judith.

"I don't think so. Ten thirty, perhaps. Maybe eleven."

"Promise?"

"You're a great one for asking promises, aren't you, Dutch?" He pinched her cheek. "Very well, then. I pledge my word. How's that?"

"Almost perfect, Eddie. And I'll be waiting for you."

Judith smiled as her eyes followed the lithe figure of her husband. She hadn't the faintest premonition that anything untoward was about to happen. She was, in fact, inexplicably light-hearted. Perhaps it was that Eddie seemed to be shaking off some of the despondency which had weighed him down since the day of Bill Vernon's return.

Clinic had removed the dinner dishes. From the kitchen Judith could hear his voice, and the voice of Gracious, the cook. She settled herself in Eddie's easy-chair under the big reading lamp, and opened a novel. Then she heard windows and doors being locked and Clinic appeared.

"Anythin' else, Miss Judith?"

"Nothing."

"I an' Gracious can go?"

"Yes. Good night."

"Good night, Miss Judith."

The Negro's face was beaming as he ducked back into the kitchen. Within five minutes the house was silent. Judith read for a while, then let the book drop into her lap. She wanted to join Eddie at the bank, but was reluctant to intrude upon his work. She wanted him to feel that he was actually the executive head of the bank.

The front door was open. The day had been unusually warm for this season of the year, but as the evening wore on the pine-scented breeze which came from Four Holes Swamp was chilly and penetrating. Judith rose and crossed the room, intending to close the front door. Her hand touched the knob, and she started back with a little cry.

Bill Vernon said, "Why, hello, sweetheart!" and pushed past her into the living room.

And now Judith Grainger knew that the crisis was at hand. She followed the powerful figure of the man to whom she had once been married. She knew that his visit portended no good, and instinct warned her that she must be careful.

HIS greeting, his manner, the fact that this was the first time he had ever dared force his way into the house, the certainty that he knew Eddie was at the bank—these were the danger signals. She sensed that this visit had been planned carefully; that tonight Bill Vernon intended to show his hand. And so, because she knew that everything depended upon her own self-control, she faced him calmly. Her eyes were fearless, her voice cold.

"Well," she asked quietly, "what is it?"

"What is what?" he parried pleasantly.

"Why have you come here?"

"Because I wanted a real intimate little chat with you, honey. I'm sick and tired of hanging around street corners waiting for you to appear, and then walking with you while the yokels gape and make comments."

"And so you came here just to be friendly. Is that it?"

"It certainly is."

Her eyes narrowed. "Of course you're lying," she said.

Her direct attack did not disturb him. "You've never had very much faith in me, have you, darling?"

"Is that surprising?"

He leaned against the center table. His manner indicated that he intended to remain, and she knew that she must get rid of him before Eddie returned from the bank. Eddie had been patient—but there were limits to his endurance.

"LET'S don't fight, Judith. I just dropped in to pay a social call—"

"Knowing that you're not welcome."

"No-o. I'm not at all sure of that. Isn't it true that as a respectable married woman you're just a trifle afraid of me?"

"You flatter yourself, Bill."

"You were pretty crazy about me once, weren't you?"

"I thought so."

"And that feeling hasn't entirely died, has it?"

She was amused—and disgusted. "I don't think I'd better tell you how I really feel, Bill."

"Well, I can tell you how I feel toward you, Judith. You're the sweetest kid I've ever known, and twice as lovely as you ever were. Maybe you've forgotten our days and nights together—but I haven't."

"Is this a build-up for the naming of your price?"

Her words lashed him, and his voice came with a nuance which she had learned to fear: "If I had had a price, Judith, I'd have named it long ago. It's you I want, not your money."

"Then you had better go right now."

"I haven't the faintest idea of going. I came to see you alone, and I intend to stay."

"Eddie may return at any minute."

"He doesn't worry me."

"No? You're a very bad person, aren't you, Bill Vernon? Right now you are strutting—and enjoying it."

He rose and came close to her. She thought to retreat but changed her mind. There was no sense trying to escape the inevitable. So she stood firmly, met his eyes, and prayed for courage.

"You don't believe I love you, do you, Judith?"

"No. And I don't care."

"You cared once—and I can make you care again."

She did not answer. She felt only loathing and fear. She remained motionless; waiting.

Suddenly his powerful arms were about her and he crushed her to him.

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YOU can use Vicks Voratone full-strength or diluted. Either way, the clean, fresh tingle it leaves in your mouth makes you *sure* your breath is welcome anywhere. Yet the 35¢ bottle holds more than *three* 25¢ bottles of other leading brands. Money back if you're not delighted.

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At first she was too surprised to struggle; but when his lips bruised hers, she tried to push away.

Her hands pressed against his chest and she shoved with all her puny strength. Then she ceased to struggle. Briefly, terrifyingly her right hand had touched a bulge under his left armpit. She understood what that meant. A holster. An automatic.

The danger signal flashed. She realized she *must* keep herself under control. Bill Vernon was armed. She knew now that he was prepared for Eddie—eager for him to return.

Her small warm figure did not relax. It simply ceased to move. His lips pressed fiercely against hers, again and again, inspiring no emotion except an almost intolerable disgust. Her brain was racing. She must be calm. She mustn't give way to the hysterics that threatened. Someway, somehow, she must get rid of Bill Vernon!

Then he released her and stepped back. She spoke scornfully:

"Are you satisfied, Bill?"

His position was thoroughly ridiculous, and his cheeks were beginning to flush with temper. He was on a tension that she couldn't know anything about. After all, even a man of the Bill Vernon type may not await the moment when he is to commit murder without a certain nervous strain. He was ugly and restless. She had punctured his ego. He ceased to act for her benefit.

Judith knew the symptoms. She had encountered them too often in the days that had followed their honeymoon. She knew the violence of his temper. And now, because it inevitably involved Eddie Grainger, she was frightened.

She had forgotten that the room was chilly; she had forgotten everything except that a dangerous man stood before her threatening to destroy everything in the world that she valued. She prayed that Eddie's work would hold him later than he had expected—that he would not return to the house until after Bill Vernon had gone.

And then, through the open door, came the sound of voices and the creaking of the front gate. Bill Vernon stepped close to her. He put his left arm about her taut body and held her tightly. She noticed that his eyes were steady and that his right hand was under the left lapel of his coat. She knew what that meant.

The screen door opened. At first she saw only the face of her husband. His expression frightened her—and made her proud.

And then she saw that Eddie was not alone!

Five men were with him. Two of them held his arms. They surrounded Eddie, shielding him against whatever Bill Vernon might have planned.

THE great crises of human lives are not always enacted melodramatically. Men do not inevitably meet with eyes flashing fire and guns spitting lead, even when they have so planned. At this moment Eddie Grainger was conscious of the fact that his position was inglorious.

He was surrounded by a self-appointed bodyguard of men whom his bank would have ruined financially. Bill Vernon stood alone—tense, alert, and baffled. Anticlimax had preceded climax. A moment which might have been riven with stark drama had developed a scene of indecision.

Bill Vernon could not shoot. Quincy Morrow and Sidney Greenberg were between him and his target. The three other men pressed close to Eddie, holding his arms. Eddie was helpless. Once or twice he tried to break away from his friendly captors.

Vernon, too, was at a loss. The situation had taken an unexpected turn, and he did not know how to cope with it. No one knew what might have happened, though Vernon's attitude of tense preparedness gave more than a hint. He was unafraid; but he, too, was as helpless as though his own arms were bound.

Eddie's eyes met Vernon's, and the latter saw therein something which surprised him. He had expected Eddie to accept the challenge which had come to him over the telephone, but he had not believed that he would find in Eddie's eyes indomitable courage and deadly hatred. Even in this moment, when neither man was in actual danger, Vernon realized with no little astonishment that the situation as planned might not have been handled without difficulty.

Eddie spoke:

"I think you had better go, Vernon."

IT was a simple suggestion, quietly voiced. Vernon felt a reaction—a sensation of having been cheated of the scene to which he had nerved himself. He took refuge in bluster:

"I'll go when I get good and ready."

That, then, was that. Bill Vernon fidgeted awkwardly. His right hand dropped to his side—and Judith felt a sense of relief. The tableau held. There were many things Eddie desired to say, but he shrank from voicing his thoughts. He had ordered Vernon to leave and Vernon had ignored the command. There seemed nothing left to say or do.

Quincy Morrow stepped forward, carefully placing himself in the direct line between Eddie and Bill Vernon.

"You have been ordered out of this house, Vernon," he said evenly, "and you're going."

"I am, eh? And who's going to make me?"

"We are," said Morrow, "if it becomes necessary."

"Go ahead," invited Vernon. "Try it!"

"We shall," said the older man, "when we're ready."

He took a step forward, and Vernon's hand flashed under his coat. Judith choked back a cry.

"Careful, Mr. Morrow! He's got a gun."

"I know that," said the older man coldly. "But he's not going to use it."

"You think I'm not!" said Bill Vernon.

"Precisely. And I think a good many other things about you, Vernon. I think you're a thoroughly undesirable citizen. I'm quite sure that the decent people of Karnak have already seen entirely too much of you."

"Nice words," sneered Vernon. "But they're not getting you anywhere, Morrow. I came back to this town because I wanted to, and I'm going to stay here."

"You're quite set on that?"

"I am. And nobody is going to tell me what to do."

A keen observer might have detected a glint of sardonic humor in the eyes of Quincy Morrow.

"You're very sure of yourself, aren't you, Vernon?"

"I'll say I am!"

"You're not going to get out of town?"

"No."

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

E	R	C	A	T	H	E	C	A	N	S	P
V	E	L	L	T	E	D	O	R	T	S	O
E	R	D	E	E	L	E	G	A	S	T	I
E	W	P	U	F	M	A	R	A	W	O	I
E	W	N	O	O	U	N	D	Y	P	C	N
T	A	O	T	A	P	N	O	S	L	P	I
H	T	N	U	B	L	O	W	A	V	E	H
S	E	C	S	R	E	B	A	A	N	O	R
L	Z	A	R	S	K	I	T	N	A	E	N
Z	U	B	M	A	F	E	H	M	R	F	O
G	P	L	E	M	O	U	S	G	E	T	H
N	I	T	I	C	X	E	T	S	O	M	E

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. A clue to the solution of this Yardleygram can be found in the answer to last week's, to be found on page 51. Start at the ● Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

"And you believe we can't force you to?"

"I think you're a bunch of damned fools and it'd take a thousand like you to scare me. So—what next?"

"Nothing," murmured the older man. "You have courage of a sort, Vernon, but not much intelligence."

"You're six against one," said Vernon, "so you feel safe."

"We didn't come here to make trouble. We came to prevent it."

"So I suspect. It was a cinch Grainger wouldn't have had the guts to come alone."

Judith glanced at her husband. Eddie's face was chalky, but he refused to cheapen himself with words. After all, words at a time like this availed nothing. The reins had been taken out of his hands—calmly, quietly, efficiently. But Eddie was thinking of the immediate future. After all, for all their good intentions, these men merely had postponed a crisis. The problem was still unsolved—and it could not be solved except by Vernon and himself.

Eddie faced that certainty without trepidation. He knew that tonight nothing would happen, and he knew also that another day was coming. He made no threats; he did not glare; he merely stood quietly. Once the faintest shadow of a smile flickered across his lips. He felt a sense of relief that the issue had been joined—that he could no longer be expected to play a passive rôle.

"I shall ask you once again," said Quincy Morrow. "Will you leave Karnak or won't you?"

"I will not," answered Vernon promptly.

"You understand that your presence here is bound to cause trouble?"

"You don't see me avoiding *that*, do you?"

"Your mind is made up—definitely?"

"You said it. I came here to stay, and I'm staying."

A courtly dignity seemed to settle upon Quincy Morrow's shoulders. He bowed to his companions. He said, "You gentlemen will excuse me for a moment?"

THEN he walked through the kitchen door and on to the back porch. He took the revolver from his pocket, regarded it for a moment, shrugged his shoulders—and raised the gun.

He fired twice—fired twice into the air. Then he put the revolver back in his pocket and rejoined the group in the living room.

They looked startled. But he smiled reassuringly.

"Nothing," he said quietly. "Nothing at all."

Bill Vernon was restless, Quincy Morrow noticed.

"There's really not very much that you can accomplish here tonight, is there, Vernon?"

"This thing isn't settled yet," Bill threatened.

"We quite realize that," agreed Morrow.

"And I haven't any intention of leaving Karnak."

"So you said."

"I'll go. But I'll be back."

"Perhaps," smiled Quincy Morrow. "Perhaps you will, Mr. Vernon."

Bill Vernon made his exit with something of a swagger. He was frankly displeased with the course of events, and not a little annoyed. He banged the screen door and walked swiftly down the walk and through the front gate.

He crossed the railroad tracks and headed toward the old Jarrell cottage, where Lefty Bragan was waiting.

In the Grainger living room the tension had broken. Eddie's guardians had released their grasp of his arms, and the young man was staring at them—gratefully and yet with considerable confusion and embarrassment. He opened his lips to speak, then closed them without saying anything. It was Dr. Revelle who asked the question which puzzled all of them:

"Did you fire those two shots, Quincy?"

"Yes," answered Morrow. "I fired them. Into the air."

"Why?" asked Judith.

"It was a signal," responded Morrow. "Someone was waiting for that signal."

Morrow's companions appeared to understand what he meant. They smiled nervously and fidgeted. Judith looked at Eddie and observed that he shared her bewilderment. They stood about awkwardly. It was difficult to think of words with which to thank these men.

And then, clear and sharp through the night, there came the sound of a shot. For just an instant Quincy Morrow's face grew hard as granite. Then his gentle smile returned.

"That sounded," he said quietly, "as though it came from the old Jarrell cottage across the tracks."

His friends nodded.

"What does it mean?" asked Judith.

"You'll understand soon enough, my dear," said Quincy Morrow. "Meanwhile, I think you and Eddie can forget your worries. Unless I'm very much mistaken, your problem has been solved most effectively."

JUDITH and Eddie were alone. Quincy Morrow and his friends had gone. Mr. Einstein, curled up on the lounge, snored earnestly. The front door was closed and locked.

Judith was standing at the window, staring over the high board fence surrounding their cottage toward the somber skyline of Four Holes Swamp. Eddie tapped the ashes from his pipe. He saw that Judith was crying and he didn't know exactly what to do about it.

Of course he understood that she had been subjected to a terrific strain. He had played a passive rôle, but she had undergone the ordeal of Bill Vernon's visit and the apprehension of what might happen. Awkwardly he approached and put his arm around her shoulders.

She faced him, and he noticed that her eyes were filled with tears.

For perhaps ten seconds they stood thus. Then she threw her arms around him, sobbing terribly.

"Oh, Eddie," she pleaded, "hold me tight! I'm frightened!"

He felt the warm curves of her figure trembling against him, and his arms closed around her. He too was suffering from reaction, and he

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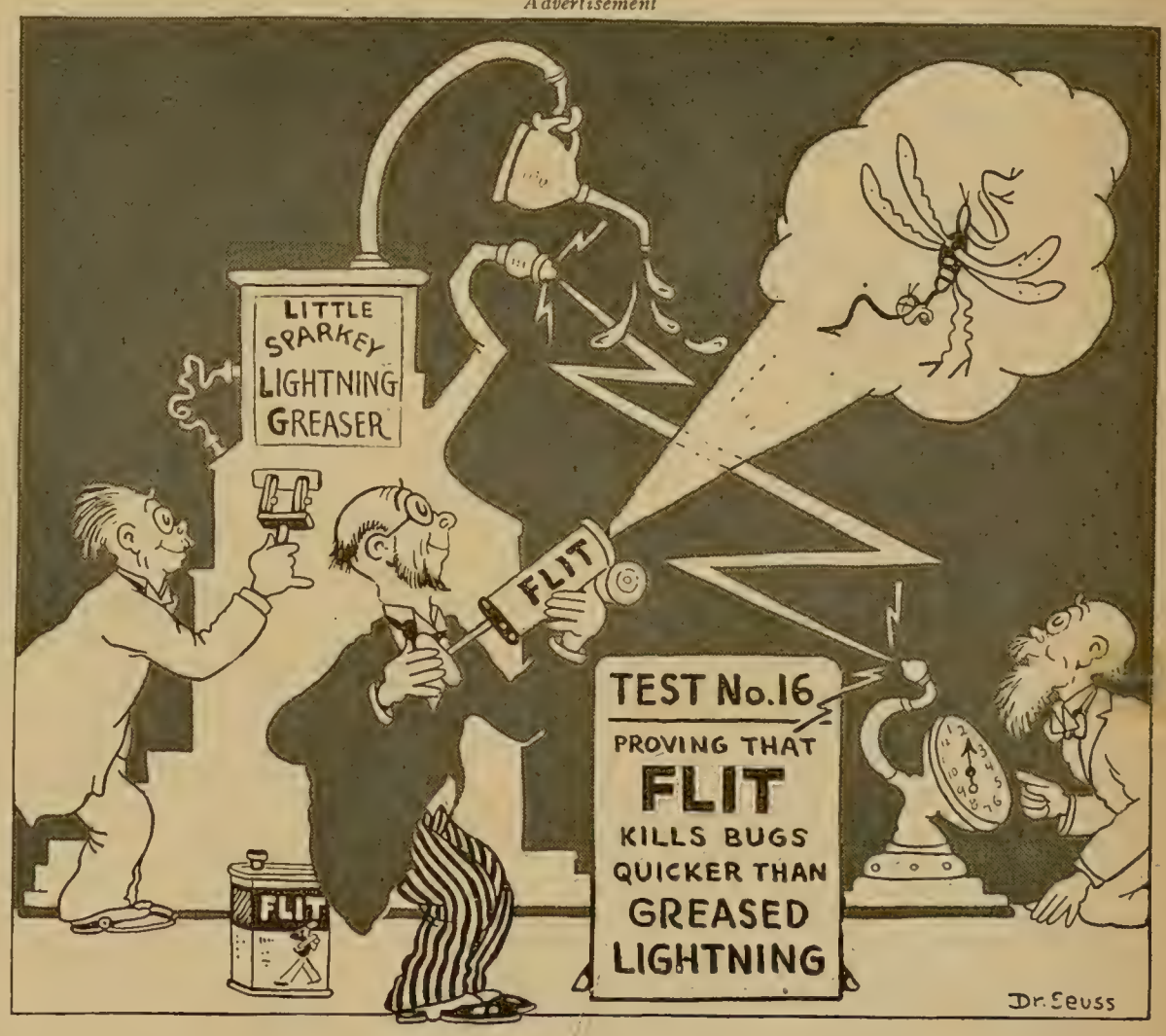


COVER TITLE CONTEST

Prize Winners for May 6

$50 FIRST PRIZE

NANCY JANE FRATUS, Erie, Pa.
"Pork and 'Bif'."

$25 SECOND PRIZE

L. H. BANKS, Hannibal, Mo.
"The Sock-Absorber."

$15 THIRD PRIZE

MRS. H. W. REED, Minneapolis, Minn.
"A-Bout to Reduce."

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

J. MARKER, Buffalo, N. Y.
"Ham Without Relish."

TEN $5 PRIZES

Morgan Cavallo, Wilburtha, N. J.; Marie Gregory, Minneapolis, Minn.; Homer Howe, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Maud, Chicago, Ill.; Walter M. Moore, Osborn, Ohio; Erroll R. Moss, Omaha, Neb.; Gates Sackett Oblinger, Oxford, Ohio; Marcus H. Schontz, Palmyra, N. J.; Frank Smaha, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Viola V. Wright, Des Moines, Iowa.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Elmer Anderson, Manistee, Mich.; Morris Bowers, Chicago, Ill.; Henry Bruno, Chicago, Ill.; Suzanne D. Bullock, Philadelphia, Pa.; Clayton Cameron, Riverside, N. J.; Mrs. C. C. Church, Kim, Colo.; R. W. Emerson, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Nona Fitzgerald, Cleveland, Ohio; Sydney Frankenstein, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Ethelyn K. Gorham, Louisville, Ky.; Alexander Hall, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. F. D. Hanscom, Los Angeles, Calif.; Charles W. Hawthorne, Atlantic City, N. J.; Karl Hilckmann, Cincinnati, Ohio; Leon Hirsch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. E. Hoes, New York, N. Y.

Velma Johnson, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Katherine Kline, Troy, Ohio; J. F. Lanham, New York, N. Y.; F. H. La Tier, Waterloo, Iowa; H. S. Lewis, Washington, D. C.; R. T. Lindmark, Tulsa, Okla.; W. D. Manchester, Manistee, Mich.; Mrs. Marguerite Murphy, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. R. T. Nathan, Brooklyn, N. Y.; S. B. Nichols, Bardstown, Ky.; Mrs. N. B. Nieding, Seattle, Wash.; James R. Niven, Saginaw, Mich.; Louise Olson, Story City, Iowa; David J. Owens, Denver, Colo.; W. K. Perdue, Canton, Ohio; Henry F. Peglow, La Porte, Ind.

Janie Penn, Abingdon, Va.; Charles T. Platt, Boston, Mass.; Neil Randhare, Glendale, N. Y.; Rose Repetto, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Clara Riddle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Rossi, Union City, N. J.; Mrs. M. Schmitt, Cleveland, Ohio; Samuel Schoendorf, Asbury Park, N. J.; Paura Shrum, Pottstown, Pa.; Mrs. Helen K. Stebbins, Washington, D. C.; Robert Tellier, Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Bessie W. Thomson, Minneapolis, Minn.; J. L. Tjaden, Des Moines, Iowa; O. H. Wilson, Bude, Miss.; C. W. Williams, New Orleans, La.; R. Bill Williamson, Lafayette, La.; Forest Wood, McMechen, W. Va.; Otto Zischka, Worcester, Mass.

GRAND PRIZE WINNERS HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

From among the thousands upon thousands of pictures submitted in the recent Home-Life Snapshot Contest the judges have now selected the five entries to which the Grand Prize Awards of $200 each will be made. Checks will go forward without delay. The names of the entrants and the classifications in which they have captured awards follow:

BEST BABY SNAPSHOT
$200 Grand Prize
LEWIS R. SMITH, Los Angeles, Calif.

BEST PET SNAPSHOT
$200 Grand Prize
REX C. WILSON, Coatesville, Pa.

BEST INDOOR SNAPSHOT
$200 Grand Prize
W. WEYDEMEYER, Fortine, Mont.

BEST OUTDOOR SNAPSHOT
$200 Grand Prize
JAMES GREENAN, Pawtucket, R. I.

MOST NEARLY COMPLETE STORY
$200 Grand Prize
J. W. MCMANIGAL, Horton, Kan.

realized that he must save her from actual hysteria. He made a gallant effort to speak lightly.

"Snap out of it, Dutch," he said. "There's nothing to be afraid of now."

She clung more tightly.

"I thought I was going to lose you, Eddie! He meant to kill you."

He brushed the top of her head with his lips.

"I probably wasn't born to be shot. And you must pull yourself together, Dutch. There's a good girl."

Long, convulsive shudders continued to rack her slender figure.

"He knew you were coming home, Eddie. He wanted you to come! He had a gun under his coat."

"Let's don't talk about it, Dutch. It's all over now."

"But it isn't, Eddie! That's what I'm afraid of."

He bent down and lifted her in his arms. And as he carried her across to the couch he forced a smile for her benefit. He dislodged Mr. Einstein—much to that canine gentleman's disgust—and made room for Judith. He put pillows under her head, then pulled up a hassock and sat beside her, his face on a level with hers. He held one of her hands between both of his and talked quietly and calmly:

"Let's not give way, Dutch. Not now when everything is settled."

"But *is* everything settled?"

"Of course it is," he said without conviction. "Vernon wouldn't try that sort of thing again."

"You don't know him, Eddie."

He tried, for her sake, to make light of the situation.

"I'M just as happy not to, Dutch. But you see, dear, from now on I'll be prepared for him." He noticed that she was growing more quiet, that her sobs were less frequent and less racking. "I didn't play a very heroic rôle, did I?"

She tried to smile.

"Those men—Mr. Morrow and his friends—they knew what was going to happen, didn't they, Eddie?"

"Yes." He shook his head. "The whole thing bewilders me. But at any rate I've learned a lesson."

"What lesson, Eddie?"

"I think you know the answer to that, Dutch."

"About Quincy Morrow, you mean?"

"Yes. About Morrow—and those others. They were pretty fine tonight. Of course I know that they didn't do it with any idea of reward. But, just the same, it would be rather impossible to squeeze them now—after what happened."

She brightened perceptibly. "Then you're going to help them?"

He nodded gravely. "As far as I can. And not only those men but also everyone else in Karnak who deserves help. In other words—with your permission—I'll be a banker from now on instead of a crusader. It seems as though the town has balanced its own books, don't you think?"

She smiled through her tears. "I'm glad to hear you say that, Eddie. And I know that you're trying to talk me away from hysteria. But I—I think I'm all right now. It's just that the whole thing—it shook me terribly."

"Of course it did. That's only natural, Dutch. I'm a bit shaken myself. But I'm happy, too."

The telephone jangled. Eddie rose reluctantly and answered. Judith watched the play of expression on his lean, handsome face. She saw that he was surprised, incredulous.

He placed the receiver on the hook and returned to the couch, where he stood looking down at her speculatively.

"THAT was Quincy Morrow," he said.

"I thought so, Eddie, from the way you spoke."

"Can you stand a shock, Dutch?"

She smiled wanly. "I've come to believe that I can stand anything."

His tone was quiet:

"Bill Vernon is dead."

She sat up suddenly.

"Dead?"

"Yes. Lefty Bragan killed him a few minutes after he left here. That was the shot we heard. Mr. Morrow says that several citizens saw the shooting and that Gantt Kolker has just placed Bragan under arrest."

"But Bill is dead! Oh, Eddie! I'm so happy about that, and so ashamed that I should be happy. But I can't think of anything except that you're safe! I'm not afraid any more, Eddie. And I'm not nervous, either."

She was radiant. He had seated himself beside her, and with signs of her return to normalcy his own feeling of uncertainty came back.

Judith was yet on the threshold of hysteria. Her big brown eyes looked like dark pools in her tiny oval face. Her lips trembled.

And finally she stamped one tiny foot on the floor.

"Will you *always* be stupid, Eddie Grainger?"

"About what?" he inquired uneasily.

"About me? About us?"

They had risen and timidly he put his arms around her.

"Is this being stupid, Dutch?"

Several minutes later she drew away from him.

"That's the most sensible thing you've ever done, Eddie—and you look positively embarrassed."

He laughed nervously. "I'd hate to confess just how embarrassed I am, Dutch. I know this sounds like a dreadful lie—but it happens that I never kissed a girl before."

Eddie reached out and snapped off the lights. Then, emboldened by the darkness, he spoke.

"I was wondering," he asked nervously, "whether Mr. Einstein and Willie Quack-Quack might not enjoy sleeping in my room from now on?"

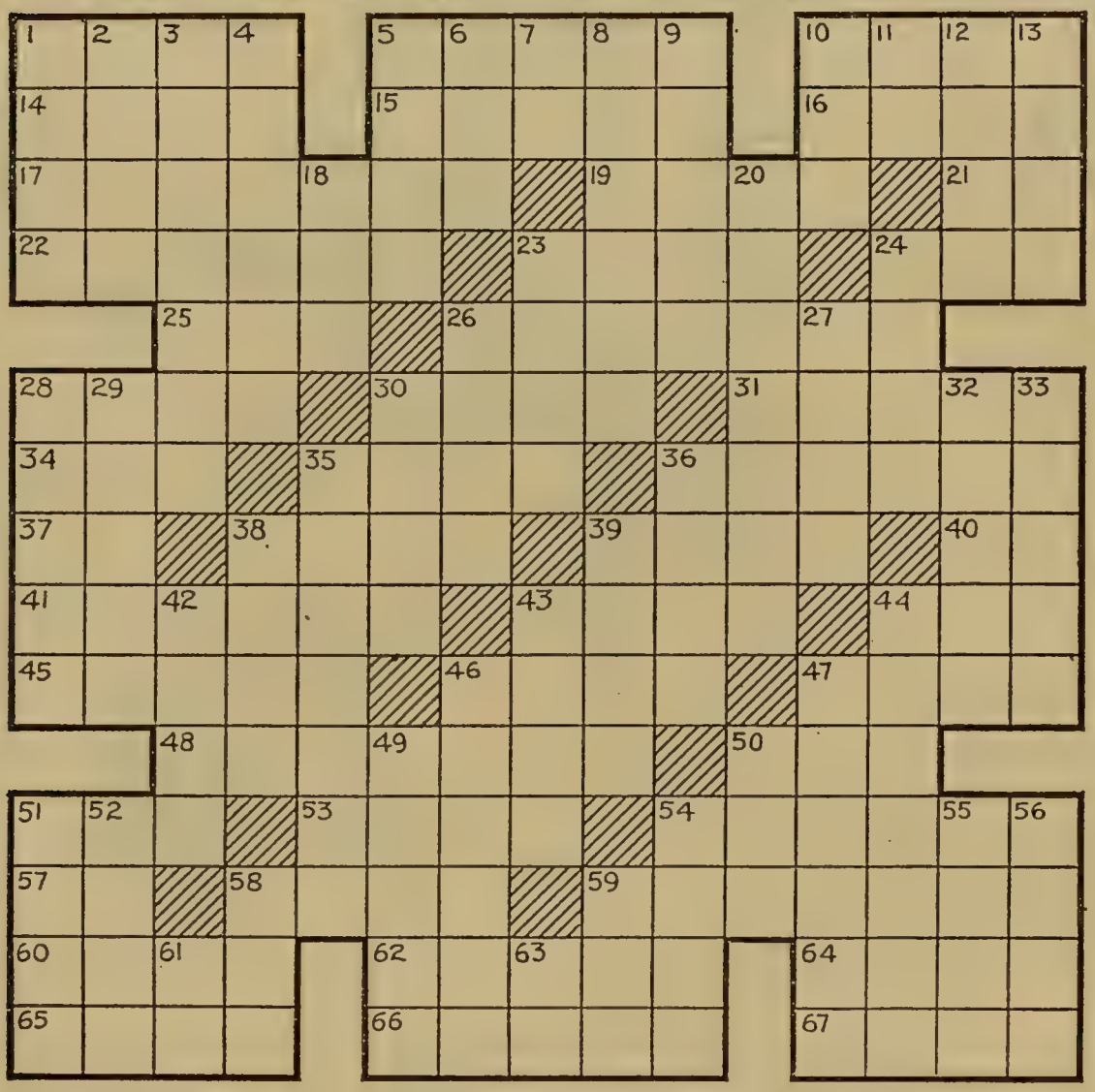
Her fingers tightened on his arm.

"I know they'd love it, Eddie," she whispered.

THE END

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 Word of interrogation
5 To collect
10 Handle of a cutting instrument
14 Relieve of tension
15 Circumference
16 Afresh
17 Smiled affectedly
19 Fabulous birds
21 Syllable sounded in solmization
22 Yoked, as animals
23 Young salmon
24 Free of charges or deductions
25 Cardinal number
26 Divided by or having partitions
28 Genus which includes the honeybee
30 Fastening devices
31 Things which deceive expectations
34 Moccasin
35 To breathe in a labored manner
36 Subordinate place of worship
37 Thus
38 Defy
39 Bard
40 The symbol for an element
41 Sickest
43 Transferred for a consideration
44 Confine
45 Defiles
46 Genus of South African plants
47 Gone by
48 Inspiring fear
50 Man's nickname
51 A bite
53 Penetrate with a sharp instrument
54 Large wasp
57 A preposition
58 Town in Germany
59 Principal female character in a story
60 Measure of area
62 Partaker of a meal
64 Allows
65 To grow gentle
66 Scents
67 A god of love

VERTICAL

1 Compass point
2 Part of a heavy draft harness
3 One of a people of a particular continent
4 The typical genus of white ants
5 Old
6 In the middle of
7 An assimilated form of ad-
8 Narrow flexible strips
9 Brief
10 Possesses
11 One indefinitely
12 To commemorate by a festival
13 To taunt
18 Range of knowledge
20 Shattered
23 Confined
24 Word designating certain tides
26 Trigonometrical ratio
27 Demonstrative word
28 Particular point in an orbit
29 Francesca da Rimini's lover
30 Portion
32 Allots
33 Slope
35 Transit from one place to another
36 Sea kale
38 Mark for omission
39 Small body of water
42 Hoist
43 Twist about
44 Large basket for carrying provisions
46 Apprehensive
47 Word of honor
49 A composition
50 A beetle
51 Any water craft
52 Measure of length
54 Possessive pronoun
55 Combining form meaning within
56 Titular character in a Hardy novel
58 One whose religion is Judaism
59 Pronoun
61 Egyptian deity
63 Not

H	A	L	E		R	A	G	E	S		S	L	A	P
E	L	I	A		A	N	I	L	E		T	I	N	E
R	A	P	T		P	I	L	A	R		R	A	N	T
E	S	S	A	Y	I	S	T	■	■	C	E	R	E	S
■	■	B	O	D	E	■	B	R	O	W	■	■	■	■
S	T	A	L	K	S	■	M	E	A	N	N	E	S	S
T	H	R	E	E	■	T	E	A	R	Y	■	A	T	E
E	R	O	S	■	T	H	A	N	E	■	T	R	O	D
P	O	M	■	B	R	A	D	S	■	S	I	E	N	A
S	W	A	L	L	O	W	S	■	W	A	R	D	E	N
■	■	O	A	T	S	■	W	A	L	E	■	■	■	■
C	R	E	S	T	■	M	O	L	E	S	T	E	D	■
R	O	D	E	■	A	B	I	D	E	■	O	O	Z	E
A	V	E	R	■	S	A	M	A	R	■	M	O	R	E
W	E	N	S	■	S	H	I	N	S	■	E	L	A	M

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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DOLLAR DECOY

A Short Short Story

By

EVA PITTARO

(Reading time: 4 minutes 15 seconds.)

ERIC WALDRON, character actor, could play any rôle with convincingness. However, nobody wanted an actor. To the landlord the Waldrons with their small twin daughters merely constituted another family unable to pay the rent. Consequently several villains from the city marshal's office put the Waldrons and their possessions into the street.

Mae seated herself in one of her own chairs beside the fire hydrant. The twins leaned against her knees.

"Where's daddy?" asked Genevieve.

"Gone to get help," the mother answered.

"I'm hungry," said Albertine.

Genevieve said, "Daddy is going to bring steak. He'll bring it, won't he, mother?"

"Maybe, dear. First of all he has to find a home."

Five slow hours dragged past.

A junk wagon with its inevitable bells and disemboweled mattresses halted beside the curb. The driver touched Mae with his whip. "For two doll' I taka you any placea you say!" He dismounted.

Listlessly Mae answered, "I haven't got two dollars."

Officer Kerrigan, pacing his beat, stopped to talk. "Had any lunch?"

"We didn't have a thing since yesterday."

Kerrigan walked on without comment. He returned shortly and dropped a paper bag with sandwiches into Mae's lap. "There. That will make you feel better. I don't want to be hard on you, but try to clear your stuff away by six. I have my orders."

The junkman seated himself in a chair beside Mae to eat a huge salami sandwich. "Eh, *figlie mie,*" he called, and handed each twin a banana.

A street orator arrived on the scene, carrying a soap box and an American flag, followed by a horde of noisy idlers.

Mae looked at him in dismay. If only Eric would come!

The street orator opened his mouth to speak. The crowd, like the Red Sea parting for Moses, divided to let a woman through. She wore a tailored brown suit, a mannish hat, nose glasses with a broad black ribbon. Bearing down on the policeman, she said, "Officer, I'm going to do something for these people. I want your coöperation."

Kerrigan said, "Suits me, lady," and waited.

The woman helped herself to Mae's sewing basket. To the street orator she said, "Get down," and handed him his flag. Then she stepped to the improvised rostrum. The orator opened his mouth to protest. She snatched a newspaper, thrust a corner into his mouth, and said, "Chew on that a while." From her purse she took a dollar and held it up for the crowd to see.

"I am starting a collection for this poor mother and her twins!" she shouted. "This dollar is going into the basket. It is mine. Let me urge every single one of you to add your bit. Help me help this woman!"

Coins clinked from hand to hand. When they reached the sewing basket the woman said, "We've got over two dollars now. We need fifty. Fifty is our goal. Open your purses as you do your hearts, every last one of you!"

Mae was torn between shame and gratitude when the woman finally stepped over to her and counted the money into her lap—fifty-three dollars and eighteen cents.

Officer Kerrigan beamed. The woman orator handed Mae a card. "These rooms are nice. Twenty dollars. Let the junkman take you there."

"But my husband—"

"'At'sa a' right," the junkman cut in. "'At'sa fine!" He began to load the furniture on to his wagon.

A trolley slowed down. The woman said to Kerrigan, "This dollar belongs to me. I put it in as decoy. I'm also taking what's over and above the fifty for my services. Thanks, officer, for your coöperation. So long."

Before either Kerrigan or Mae knew what was happening, the woman had sprinted across the road and boarded the trolley.

AFTER the junkman had moved the furniture to the new address, he invoked blessings on Mae and the twins and departed.

Mae liked the little apartment, but she was worried about Eric. How would he know where to find her?

There was a knock on the door.

"Daddy!" the three shouted, and rushed forward. When the door opened, instead of Eric it was the woman who had made the collection.

"Oh!" Mae exclaimed, and stepped back.

Without speaking, the woman placed several packages on the table and unwrapped them: a steak, potatoes, a pie. She took off her hat, a wig, and glasses.

"Daddy!" shouted the twins.

"Eric!" Mae was in his arms. "Eric, you—you were that terrible woman! How did you dare do it?"

"I'm an actor, my dear. I earn my living as an actor. I acted. Now we shall feast. Then we sleep. Next week I open in Brooklyn. My gala performance to an unprecedented audience in the street gave me courage. I bullied my former agent into giving me a job."

THE END

The Outline of LOVE

Knowing Cleopatra's fondness for precious stones, Caesar came home with Gaul stones.

A Scientific Treatise from Which You Will Derive No Benefit Whatever

By

GROUCHO MARX

Caricatures by PADEREWSKI

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

WAY back a couple of weeks ago Mr. Marx started filling in The Outline of Love. He sketched the rather shadowy beginnings of this pastime in the days when men wooed women with stone clubs, did their petting with tree trunks, and when wedding rings, if any, were generally worn through the nose. Love, the professor explained, really began in the Dark Ages; which undoubtedly is why it has done better with the lights turned low ever since. Following the discovery of Love, Mr. Marx brought up the family, approximately in the Stone Age. In fact, he declared, a well aimed rock was the usual way of putting baby to sleep, giving rise to that nursery favorite "Rock-a-bye, Baby." All this, of course, took time (Mr. Marx's) and space (Liberty's: June 10, pages 16, 17, 18, 19; and June 17, pages 30, 31, 32), and finally brought the author to—but here's Mr. Marx himself:

ANOTHER WORD FROM THE AUTHOR

WHEN first I heard the rumor that I was writing a book on Love, I didn't believe it. Why, I asked myself, should a middle-aging actor who has troubles enough with his own problems of the heart* bother to concern himself with the loves of other people and of other times?

But this morning, on walking into the library, I made an astonishing discovery. Why, there I was—*me* of all people—crouched in front of a typewriter, in béret and smock to match, *and writing a book on Love!* You could have knocked me over with (1) a feather; (2) a piece of lead pipe; (3) a sudden jerk of the chair after slyly asking me to sit down; or (4)—but if you think *I'm* going to sit here and think up methods for you to use in knocking me over, you're crazy.

[That's no way to talk to our customers.—EDITOR.

You keep your nose out of this.—G. M.]

Well, maybe I *shouldn't* have said you're crazy, dear reader, but I'm flesh and blood too, and there are some things a gentleman just doesn't stand for. The Marxes, as you probably know, have always been high-strung—particularly old Joshua Marx, who was strung up in 1783 for running away with a worthless piece of rope. Unfortunately, Joshua had neglected to remove the horse that was fastened to the other end of the rope.

Anyway, you have no idea how amazed I was to learn that I was writing an *Outline of Love*—and especially to find that I had already finished two installments. It only goes to show that if you put your shoulder to the wheel you'll probably get your coat dirty and not help the wheel either.

But what about Love in Ancient Rome and Greece? Keep your shirt on, gentle reader, and I'll be getting to the hot stuff presently. I'm just as eager as you are.

So get on the magic carpet and we'll fly right back to the Glory that was Greece and the Grandeur that was Rome. O ka-a-a-a-ay, Glory that was Greece and Grandeur that was Rome!

POLYGAMY IS BORN

THE Neolithic man was a simple fellow. He reasoned that if one mate was a good thing, two or three were better. The third mate, of course, was usually placed in charge of swabbing the decks.

In the pre-Roman days you could tell a man's wealth by the number of his wives, just as in Montana you determine a man's fortune by the number of his sheep. Now, it's true that wives don't give wool, but then neither do they ruin good grazing ground.

On the other hand—and we *do* want to be fair to both sides—a sheep doesn't insist on a new dress every time it goes out to dinner; it doesn't ask people over for bridge when you want to sit by the fire with a claro perfecto and the evening paper. And yet, in the wife's behalf it must be said that often she is better-looking than the sheep.

For the most part, however, polygamy is a bad thing; and if the Montana rancher knows what's good for him he'll stick to his sheep.

*Any further statement on the subject will have to come from Miss Garbo herself. The professor is no cad.

LETTERS AND LOVE

PROFESSOR Hemingway Gribble startled the world, and himself too, with his discovery in 1896 that the first words ever written by man were love letters. After five years of intensive study among the ruins of Egypt, Professor Gribble succeeded in decoding a series of moldy hieroglyphic tablets (two in a glass of water before retiring). Anthropologists were amazed when the little professor, leaving his umbrella and rubbers outside, walked into the New York Times office with his translations, and was promptly thrown out of the building.

But science is used to rebuffs, and Professor Gribble was not the kind of man who gives up easily. Knowing of my standing (.654 last year) among A-1 paleontologists, he decided to send me, under separate cover, the result of his sensational findings.

Apparently the professor made a mistake, for on opening his package I found a dead cat, which on closer examination turned out to be the professor himself, stewed to the eyebrows. Leaving his papers under my door, the professor took the next steamer back to Egypt and was never heard from again.

In glancing through Gribble's first papers (he hadn't been in this country long enough to get his second papers) I came across this translation of a letter written by the first Neolithic man to chisel words on stone:

DEAR IG:

Last night I dreamed of the hills of Nebraska, and wished you were here. Oh, darling, darling, darling! I want to take you in my brutelike arms and clutch you till you cry "Uncle!" I think uncle would be pleased. Your loving

MIGGLE.

Disregard the preceding letter. The Egyptian Historical Society informs me that it has no scientific value whatsoever; that Professor Gribble is not a professor at all—just a tired old man with a dirty mind whose name merely happens to be Gribble. What he mistook for hieroglyphic writing was nothing but a few cracks in an old wall.

HOW IT WAS DONE

THE real low-down (and when *I* give you the low-down you'll find that nothing in the world is lower) was that love letters were chiseled on rocks, which accounts for the fact that lovers became known as chiselers.

Professor C. Lorenz Schurmeier spent eleven years decoding a letter that was carved on a rock in Babylon and then found—to his utter dismay—that the letter wasn't written to him.

Schurmeier used the Norfolk code, which looks very nice with white flannel trousers and a linen vest.

GLORY THAT WAS ROME

MEN and women were now congregating in cities. New empires were springing up. Love was flourishing.

In Rome a great civilization had reached its fullest flower. Julius Cæsar, a poor boy who never looked at the clock (largely because there *were* no clocks), was promoted to general of the army, with excellent wages and a two weeks' vacation in Egypt, where he could have fun on Queen Cleopatra's barge. When he came back he wrote an essay on How I Spent My Summer Vacation, but it's not the kind of thing I'd care to reprint here.

The fact remains that although Cæsar returned home he had left his heart on the banks of the Nile. He could think of nothing but Cleopatra. And knowing that lovely lady's fondness for precious stones, the great Cæsar conquered Gaul and came home with Gaul stones. But I'm not going to bore you with an account of Cæsar's operation. It's enough that I'm going to tell you a thing or two about my own.

[Not in this magazine you won't.—EDITOR.

How about just one paragraph?—G. M.

Cleopatra kicked him two inches below the chest, saying the way to a man's heart was through his stomach.

Not a line.—EDITOR.

All right; but you wouldn't talk to me that way if I didn't have a wife and two kids to support!—G. M.]

APPROACHING THE ANCIENT HEART

NOT all the legends about Cæsar and Cleopatra can be believed. But I have no reason to doubt the story told by J. Braddock Mayo, F. R. M. S., which relates how, when the great soldier and statesman returned to Egypt, he was greeted by Cleopatra, who kicked him two inches below the chest, saying that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach. I believe that, because eating had become an elaborate ritual in those days of incredibly lavish royal luxury. People began eating their luncheon at one o'clock and remained at the table until it was time for dinner, when they started all over again.

Let me present here an average royal menu, found under the ruins of Egypt's palace by J. Braddock Mayo, who was looking for his glasses.

Roast Flamingos' Tongues
Tamed Wild Boar Sows' Udders
Al Kaufman
Four and Twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie
Jackanapes Pickled Herring

(Coffee, with choice of dessert, 10 cents extra)

At such a pace no man could last very long. So two weeks later, on the Ides of March, Cæsar's life was snuffed out. Tacitus insists that Cæsar was assassinated, but I suspect that it was something he ate.

LOVE AND WAR

OTHER histories give you lengthy accounts of the great conflicts and battles between nations, but they neglect to tell you how that delicate emotion, Love, was responsible for the very first warfare. It began in that part of the world which is now called Northern Africa, where the natives were peaceful, loving, industrious, and happy. They had no grievances until Zagu, the leader of a neighboring tribe, came and carried away twenty of their women.

The natives were in a rage. Of Zagu they said, " 'Egypt us out of twenty wives." Whereupon their country was nicknamed Egypt and war was declared. But the war didn't really start in earnest until Zagu, realizing his mistake, tried to return the women to their husbands.

CAMP FOLLOWERS

IN Macedonia the great Alexander was gathering his ragged little band of soldiers (they were known as Alexander's Rag-Time Band). And Darius's Persian forces were assembling in the Bay of Naples, ready for action.

This was good news to Alexander and his men, because it was always fun fighting the Persians. For one thing, Darius's army always brought with it a large staff of camp followers, and these consisted chiefly of beautiful women who did not turn up their noses at the old saying, " War is war."

When there weren't enough camp followers to go around, the soldiers complained and Darius sent home for reserves. Naturally it wasn't long before the camp followers complained that there weren't enough soldiers to go around. Their leader was Persian Ivy, who was usually found in the woods, and seldom alone.

It was, on the whole, a very pleasant war. In exchanging prisoners, Alexander hit on the idea of swapping soldiers for camp followers—two for one.

This plan worked out excellently, except that ultimately the camp followers were all on one side and the soldiers were on the other, and neither faction was any too well pleased.

When Alexander announced there was going to be a charge tonight (for he planned on marching against Darius and his followers) his first lieutenant said:

" General, there's no charge. I was over there myself last night."

PEACE-TIME LOVE

IN the meantime, Columbus was looking for a westward passage to India; the cotton gin was being invented by Eli Whitney, who was protesting against the installation of shower baths on the grounds that you needed a bathtub to make good cotton gin; and Henry the Seventh, who later became known as Henry the Eighth, was known as Henry the Seventh, who later became known as Henry the Eighth. (This is the same as low fourth in the public schools of today.)

Building was booming. The pyramids, those giant structures of stone upon stone, were going up, however slowly. It took twenty years to build a first-class pyramid, but that was because the workmen were paid by the hour and they took their time.

Men with initiative, unwilling to carry stones (although it practically meant a steady job), went into business for themselves and built little pyramids of their own. Soon the supply became greater than the demand, and pyramids became a drug on the market. Which accounts for the fact that people subsequently stopped building them, and that's why there is scarcely a top-notch pyramid builder in the world today.

But Love gallops on.

PRIVATE NOTE TO THE EDITOR

DEAR SIR:

Because of an unfortunate misunderstanding, it will be impossible for me to write any more for this issue. It was all very sordid and unpleasant, but I want my readers to know the truth.

While I was engaged in a difficult piece of research for this *Outline of Love*, certainly not for my own personal amusement, two policemen mistook me for someone else and carted me off to the—how ees eet you Amaireekins say?—hoosegow. The blundering officers kept calling me a Peeping Tom, which is obviously ridiculous, because my name isn't Tom at all.

Even the judge couldn't get the thing through his head, so it may be seven or eight months before you get any more of the *Outline of Love*. In the meantime I am going on with my research. The women's cells are across the courtyard.

Sincerely yours,
PROFESSOR GROUCHO MARX.

THE END

Marriage Drums

(Reading time: 22 minutes 35 seconds.)

IN last week's installment Joseph Dixon told of an amazing development of the morning after his departure from Addis Ababa to seek gold in Beni Shongul. He was overtaken on the trail by the Princess Goorksa's overseer and—Escala! The girl said her mistress had set her free to follow him and be happy with him.

His native boys warned him that the princess was surely concealing some revengeful purpose. She might mean to have both him and Escala thrown to the lions, the one for stealing a slave, the other as a runaway. A boy suggested, however, that if the two were to marry in an Abyssinian church the princess would be powerless to harm them. Accordingly they went to Mount Zukala with its monastery, where the abbot, whose life Dixon had saved not long before, performed the age-old Coptic marriage ceremony.

The bridal couple then set out afresh on the arduous journey to Beni Shongul. Between the Wansa and Seama rivers they had to traverse an expanse of six-foot weeds and grasses, dry as tinder. Suddenly they found themselves pursued by fire, which could not be outrun and which encircled them. Escape seemed impossible, a frightful death certain. Galloping beside Escala, Dixon leaned over and held his revolver close to her ear.

Part Four—The Mountain of Gold

AS my finger tightened on the trigger Escala's mule reared, whirled, and fell against my horse, sending him to his knees. I shot forward from the saddle, hit ground and skidded down a sharp slope on my face. Something wet and sticky filled my mouth. After a dazed moment I got up spitting—mud!

Straining bleary eyes, I saw that our animals had halted on the bank of a wide but almost waterless stream. I had been tossed down into a puddle.

The fire on our right had jumped the watercourse and was blazing furiously. Already a tract of a hundred acres or so had been burned over.

My horse was venturing a descent; but the mule, with Escala in the saddle, stood pawing and trembling. I scrambled up the bank, threw myself on the creature's head, and dragged it down to the bed of the stream.

Simultaneously the boys came up with the foaming ash-covered pack mules. Without hesitation the animals plunged over and landed, rolling, squealing, and kicking. Somehow the muleteers escaped from the tangle with but slight injuries.

With the aid of my horse, which had recovered from the panic, we drove the mules up the watercourse and climbed out on the black smoking ground over which the fire had run.

We were safe! Escala, sliding off her mule, laughed

Illustrations by Charles De Feo

An Arabian-Nights Tale of a Princess, a Slave, and a Mountain of Gold— And Every Word of It True!

The box was filled with gold in beautiful yellow ingots. I lifted one out and showed it to Escala.

and cried by turns. The heat and smoke remained torturous for a time, but the blaze behind us soon died out. To north, east, and west the fire, appearing as a wall of black tipped with spear points of crimson where bamboo patches were being consumed, moved away as swiftly as it had advanced.

We returned to the stream and, finding a couple of shallow pools, stripped and threw our parched and grimy bodies into the water. Escala's tender skin was horribly inflamed but she did not complain.

Later, when we had regained some strength, we pitched our tents in the creek bed and made a meal. As the origin of the fire was only too evident, I questioned Said about the possibility of Abis Embir's tribesmen making further attempts on our lives. The boy, an Arab, had talked with the guides during our trek from Yeaar to the Wansa.

"Did you tell them where we are going and what we are looking for?" I asked.

"Yes, geta," the boy said. "But that did not seem to displease them. They told me that we would find much gold this side the Wansa. They were afraid of you. Maybe they thought you would cast a spell over them."

Tafara broke into the conversation, grinning maliciously at Said: "Arabs are fools. I heard the guides say that beyond Goha there is a mountain the Prophet cursed so that all men who go there come back blind or mad. *Era bi Menelik!*"

I recalled with something of a start the story of a cursed mountain which Louie had told. I had supposed it to be a fiction of his own creation at the time. Now it assumed the character of a tribal legend.

"I heard them talking of this mountain," said Waldegorgis, who was superstitious. "It is made of gold, geta—and there is a devil shut up inside."

Said gave the big Abyssinian an ugly look. "There is a devil-mountain, geta, but I did not hear it said that it was made of gold. The guides said that the Sheik Elmadi has plenty of *dahab* [gold] which he gets from the rivers and saves so he can buy guns when his father, Sheik Shogoli, returns. Then they will fight the Negus."

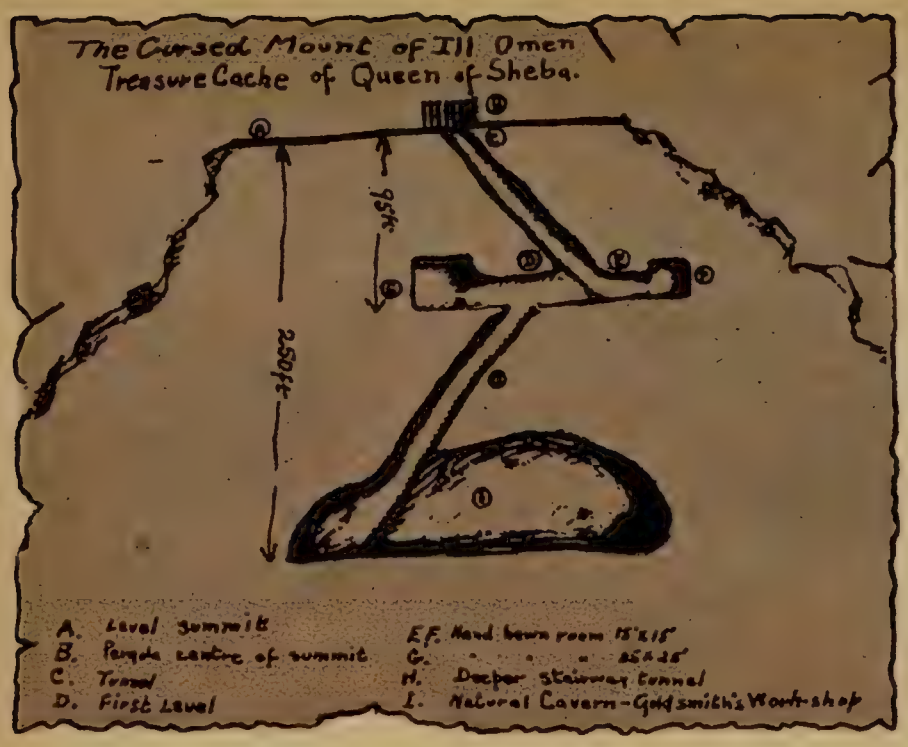
My boys knew me almost as well as I knew them. Said, afraid of being accursed, was trying to talk me out of exploring the Goha region. But it was toward Goha, indicated on my charts as the residence of Sheik Elmadi, that the party trekked the next day. In a couple of hours we sighted the Seama River and a village of the same name which, being surrounded by cultivated fields, had escaped the fire. We

By JOSEPH DIXON

as told to

Captain DON WILKIE

Formerly of the U. S. Secret Service



Joseph Dixon's diagram of the mountain of gold.

forded the river and were at last in Beni Shongul.

The country looked flat and unpromising, but soon the trail took us up an escarpment where I found indications of mineral deposits. I made a test of a patch of heavy gravel in the path. A few gravitations convinced me that we were standing on a fortune in stones, mostly semiprecious—rubies, garnets, topazes, and opals.

Gold was my objective, however, and so we pushed on after I had mapped the deposit. Passing natives carried reports of our presence ahead of us, and when we reached the foot of a granite hill on which the village of Kerin perched, the Sheik Elmadi came down to greet us.

The sheik was young and light-skinned. His manner alternated between gracious dignity and the indifference of melancholy. He ordered one of the largest huts in the village cleaned for our use and billeted out our animals with the natives.

While cultivating the friendship of Elmadi, on whose coöperation the success of the expedition seemed likely to depend, I tried the wash in the near-by Sircole River. The sheik watched my operations with polite interest.

My first pan, taken from a sandy shoal, showed a small quantity of gold dust; the second more. Excitedly I dashed back and forth along the shores, making other tests and getting similar results.

Louie had been right! Beni Shongul was another Witwatersrand, another Klondike!

Several of Elmadi's attendants carried small wooden bowls. Through my boys they made it known that they would like to show me how they got their gold.

Scooping mud from the river bottom into their dishes, which they held at an angle, they trickled what water they could lift with their hands over the wash. The drippings slowly carried away the dirt and left strings of fine dust in the bottoms of the bowls. The gold so laboriously obtained they poured back into the river!

Trying to conceal my amazement, I had Said remark on the richness of the showings.

"That is nothing," said the sheik. "There is more dahab around Goha and it is easily found. A man can pick it up, often in big pieces. By the way, I am told that you and other ferangis brought guns to Menelik."

I knew he had got his information from my boys, who sounded off in every town we visited, despite repeated warnings. It was equally clear that he had in mind some scheme for arming his people.

I admitted my association with the gun-runners and described the Nordenfelts now in the hands of the Negus. Elmadi's eyes glowed. He rose abruptly.

"Tomorrow, my friend, I will take you to Goha and show you where my people have found dahab," he promised.

I could have wished for nothing better.

We left Kerin with a guard of three hundred Arabs, fierce fighting men. Our course lay up the Sircole River. A few miles out of Kerin we climbed an escarpment much higher than that which had led us to the village. Outcroppings of quartz were numerous. I stopped to examine one and found in a fault a piece of gold weighing approximately six pennyweight. Such rock, I calculated, would assay eight hundred ounces of ore to the ton.

Toward evening we reached Goha, which had been the principal town in the days when Shogoli ruled. It was now almost deserted, Menelik's raiders having carried away so many of the inhabitants as slaves.

Escala and I were given a large airy hut next to Elmadi's own. We rested several days, and then, with the sheik accompanying me, I made a tour of the adjacent countryside.

"On your right, my friend, you see a place where my

people took much dahab from the rocks—long ago," the Arab would say. Then, sadly, "Beyond, you see a hill where many were killed by Menelik's soldiers."

Eventually I got down to the actual business of prospecting. At the end of a week I was convinced that I had reached one of the richest gold-mining districts in the world. Traveling far more than I worked, I had found twenty ounces of dust and small nuggets—four hundred dollars' worth at least!

It seemed useless to go farther. In a couple of months I could accumulate enough gold to return to Addis Ababa, get a concession from Menelik, and equip another, bigger expedition. The way to a fortune would then be clear if I could keep the good will of Elmadi.

Thus matters stood when Elmadi came to my hut one night. He had just received word that Menelik's Gallas were raiding over the border, hunting slaves and gold hoarders. He was very bitter.

"Ferangi, I need guns," he said. "Without them my tribe is doomed."

"Arms and ammunition can be brought to you here," I told him. "But the stuff would have to be packed up the Nile and across the Sudan frontier. The cost would

be tremendous. All the money you and your people possess would not get you a case of rifles."

Elmadi bowed his head. "It is true that we are a poor people. Menelik intends that we shall remain poor. He robs us so we may not fight him."

"There is talk beyond the border that you have hidden a great store of gold to buy war materials."

"Such stories are told with the purpose of making our lot harder," the sheik responded. "A traveler hears many strange stories." He looked at me sharply. I said nothing.

"Perhaps you have been told that there is a mountain of gold in Beni Shongul?" he continued somberly.

"Yes, I have heard of such a thing," I answered, knowing that my boys had been gossiping again.

themselves. For no other reason would I have told you this."

After I had sworn, both by God and Allah, to supply the Black Arabs with war material if I found anything like the riches Jebel Ghul was supposed to hold, Elmadi took me to his hut and showed me a parchment chart.

I made a copy, the sheik interpreting the Arabic writing on the original. Jebel Ghul was described as a conical hill four hundred feet high. It lay about a hundred miles west and south of Goha. No mention was made of what it might contain.

Two days later the expedition was on the move again, our departure from Goha actually occurring on January 17—or Tarr 17 by the Abyssinian calendar. We fol-

I cursed myself. No one but a heartless monster would have brought Escala into such a hell to die.

Elmadi drew his burnoose closer about his body, as though suddenly chilled. "That story, my friend, has cost the lives of many Arabs. In the days of my father and grandfather our people tried to find the mountain, which we call Jebel Ghul. Many went, a few returned—and died. One lived to tell my grandfather, the Sheik Elhejer, where the mountain could be found.

"My tribe now believes that anyone who approaches Jebel Ghul will be cursed. No one has so much as dared to think of looking for it. Of this we may be certain: much dahab is hidden there—enough to buy ferangi guns and free my people."

"Then why don't you get it?" I smiled.

"If I were to propose such a thing, my people would flee from me, believing me already accursed. You, a ferangi, might find Jebel Ghul and escape its curse. I can give you a map showing the trail taken by the only man who ever went there and lived long enough to tell where he had been."

"If I undertake this search and find gold in Jebel Ghul —what then?"

"You will make it possible for my people to defend

lowed a well marked trail across the Goha plateau, wound down an escarpment, and at a point indicated by the sheik's map struck off over a country part plain and part desert. Big game abounded.

Our trip was uneventful until the third day out. Lacking water for our animals, I had been forced to dig a deep well on the site of a dried spring. As the hole began to fill the scent attracted a family of lions—the first I had ever seen in Abyssinia. Their presence did not disturb us much, a firebrand sufficing to scare them away from our camp. But the constant roaring stampeded the mules. One broke its tether and dashed off into the darkness, where the waiting cats brought it down.

Said tried to bring the remaining pack animals closer to the fire. He became tangled in a rope, and another mule, going mad with fear, dragged him against a rock and smashed his skull. He was dead when we found him.

Waldegorgis and Tafara were panicky, but Escala whipped up their spirits singing Abyssinian folk songs. Travel became increasingly difficult. Intense heat and desert flies added to our suffering. And then, worst of all, thirst!

Many of the streams and water holes marked on the map had disappeared, if indeed they had ever existed. At the beginning of our second week on the trail we faced the issue of finding water or dying.

The map showed— Damn the map! I cursed myself too. No one but a heartless monster would have brought Escala into such a hell to die.

The Princess Goorksa, depraved as she might be, would not have done to the slave she hated what I had done to the wife I loved.

Tafara, breaking trail, had reached the summit of a ridge. He paused, turned, and waved his arms.

"Trees, geta! Many buck around! Water!"

Our mules were quickening their steps. I could trust their senses, if not our own. There *was* water ahead.

Now the animals broke into a gallop. We raced across a sand patch and through a clump of brush. Then we were at the hole—a big pool, into which the mules threw themselves, packs, saddles, and all.

Above the pool a little spring bubbled out of the rocks. Giant fig trees shaded the entire area. There were flocks of buck around, very tame, and much dry grass, assuring us food for ourselves and the pack animals.

A big shaggy hill loomed above the oasis, one of many buttelike formations that reared themselves between ravines as far ahead as we could see.

Forgetting my regrets and solemn pledges to myself to turn back if ever I was given a chance, I now decided to set up a more or less permanent camp and use it as a base in exploring the country before us.

A long drink from the spring, a little rest, and I was back at my studies of the map, comparing its notes with the surrounding terrain. It appeared that Jebel Ghul could not be many miles away, provided there was such a place.

We lolled under the trees for a couple of days. Then I began what I purposed should be a methodical survey. Starting each morning and usually traveling by foot, Escala and I visited one after another cone-shaped hill. They were just hills.

I was beginning to lose interest in the object of our quest when one of the boys, cutting thorn bushes for a corral, disclosed the ruins of a wall—proof that at some remote period the region had been inhabited. Putting new heart into the search, I went farther and farther from camp.

Returning one evening from a particularly wearying hike that I had made alone, I found Tafara much excited.

"Geta"—he rolled his eyes—"I have seen a strange thing. Today I went back over the trail looking for a strap I thought the mules lost when they ran for the water. Back there I saw a great field where men must have dug for dahab long ago."

I was up waiting for the sun the next morning. Tafara led me back along the route by which we had come, then over a ridge that bordered the trail.

BELOW us lay an ancient placer field. As far as I could see there were heaps of stones. Some were remnants of buildings. Others had been part of a series of dams and reservoirs. Still more had been thrown out of diggings.

How long it had been since men had worked the field I could only guess—hundreds of years, certainly; thousands, perhaps.

The rivers from which they had drawn water were gone. Sand had filled the dam sites. Giant fig trees, themselves centuries old, were rooted in the midst of the ruins.

Whatever gold remained in the field in natural deposits could not be extracted, of course. But if the legend of Jebel Ghul were to be believed—and I now believed it—there existed some underground gallery or cavern that had been the storehouse of this ancient enterprise.

I looked around for an elevation that would answer the description of Jebel Ghul. We were camped under the nearest hill.

I had previously paid little attention to it beyond noting that the top seemed rather flat and that great blocks of granite clung to the sides as though rolled there.

Tafara and I made a superficial examination of the placer field. We found nothing that had been hidden from the eye.

Noon approached and we went back to the camp to eat.

"Geta, you are ill!" Escala exclaimed. "You have not touched your meat."

I assured her that I was in perfect health; but she insisted on accompanying me when I set out a little later to explore the rugged slopes above us. We made a spiraling ascent which enabled me to view all sides.

I saw nothing that looked like the entrance of a tunnel or cave.

We reached a point just below the summit, now hidden from view by an overhanging ledge. I managed by clinging to the tough but flesh-tearing thorn bushes to reach the top of the projecting rocks. Reaching down the butt of my Mauser rifle to Escala, I helped her make a less painful climb.

Getting to our feet, we looked around, then at each other in wonder. The top of the hill seemed to have been sheared off. It was perfectly level. Stranger still, the ruins of a wall surrounded the central portion.

I CAUGHT Escala's arm and we hurried through a breach in the stonework. The interior of the compound was floored with flagstones beautifully joined and well preserved. Here and there lay broken pillars that had once supported some sort of entablature or roof. Small dunes of sand had been reared against the crumbling walls by the winds of the ages.

Escala and I wandered about, awed. My first impression had been that we were putting foot inside some age-old temple or fortress. Now I thrilled and chilled with the thought that we might be standing on top of the devil-mountain, Jebel Ghul.

I was not alone in the thought. Escala took my hand and looked earnestly into my eyes. "Geta, you have brought me to the accursed mountain. Why did you not tell me?"

"I didn't want to frighten you," I confessed, abashed. "I thought you would be afraid."

"I am afraid, geta," she said quietly. "But I will always go where you go. Is there a jinni in this mountain, do you think?"

"No, child; there are no devils, here or elsewhere," I soothed, pulling the seal of Mount Zukala from beneath my shirt and fastening it around her neck. "If there were any, this charm would drive them away."

She was much pleased with the little disk, and as I walked around examining the ruins she told me that in the Lake Tsana country, her former home, the rasses often lived in hilltop buildings and communicated with the ground below by means of shafts or tunnels.

I remembered how the Zukala monastery had been cut from the living rock and considered it quite probable that the builders of the placer field had hollowed out the hill beneath us. Drawing my pick from my gear bag, I sounded the stones in the floor. All my blows rang in the same pitch.

Then a cry from Escala brought me upright from my labors. Scuffing through the sand, she had caught the toe of her sandal in a large bronze ring elevated a little above the floor by a rod to which it was fastened.

I pulled on the thing and found the rod loose. It looked much like the hand-tooled ringbolts to which the penitents in the monastery had been chained, and I was of the notion that it had served some such purpose here in the days of human sacrifice to gods of the sun and moon.

"If we can pull the rod out it will make a fine tether stake," I told Escala, slipping the handle of my pick through the ring. "Help me pull."

Ever eager to help me, she took one end of the handle and we jerked upward. The rod gave. Another jerk and we had gained an inch.

We continued our efforts until the ring was several feet above the floor. There the rod stuck. I tried to wiggle it, but it would not give.

We sat on the floor panting and laughing at each other. I decided to get a chisel out of my bag and enlarge the hole through which the rod passed. Perhaps, I thought,

it was connected with something in a chamber beneath us.

"Geta!" Escala clasped the abuna's seal. She had gone pale and was staring at something behind my back. I tensed and whirled, Colt in hand.

"Geta, the stone has moved! The jinni has come out! I saw him—a white cloud—then he was gone!"

The center flagstone, set on an axle like a door in a rat-trap, had swung, one half rising while the other sank. The ringbolt had acted as a lever in releasing it.

"The jinni, geta!" Escala was sobbing. "We are cursed!"

I saw nothing except the stone, but I felt as though an icicle had dropped down my back. Then, forcing a laugh, I ran over to the tilted flag. Under it all was black. As I peered down, a strong draft carrying a dust cloud slapped my face.

Escala screamed. It had seemed to her that the demons of Jebel Ghul were enveloping me. I tried to explain in language she would understand how air currents could rise from the interior of the place, carrying the dust of decay.

I succeeded in quieting her, though I doubted very much that she believed it natural for a smoky puff to issue from the bowels of a hill with a name like Jebel Ghul.

"You know all things, geta. Do not despise me. I will go with you."

I wanted to explore the recesses of the place at once and begged Escala to remain where she was. But she was sure that she would be safer with me, though the hole led down to a land of demons.

Considering the dangers I knew existed, I blocked one side of the opening with stones in such a way that the swivel door could not close.

LIGHTING a slush lamp which I habitually carried and releasing the safety catch on my revolver, I took another look into the forbidding hole. A stairway was visible, cut from the solid rock, like the shaft through which it passed downward, at an angle of about thirty-five degrees.

With Escala holding to a strap on my gear bag, I began a descent, counting the steps as I went. On the hundred and thirty-ninth step we came out of the shaft into a corridor that led both ways. Taking the right-hand passage, we moved forward eighteen paces and there entered an enormous chamber.

It held nothing except some pottery, wicker baskets, and benches, which fell into dust when we touched them. A connecting room was entirely bare.

Retracing our steps, we took the left-hand passage, which brought us to another stairway. We went down two hundred and ninety-four steps and there entered a natural cavern several hundred feet long. Part of it had caved in, due apparently to an outside slide, and a fissure let in a little daylight.

The cave appeared to have been the metal-working shop of the ancient miners. Beginning at the foot of the stairs, we moved carefully around, examining everything we passed. There were many stone benches and curious forges, bins, racks and tools, including pincers, hammers, and rolling irons.

WE noticed, too, piles of swords and spears, evidently products of the shop. Two skeletons were outlined on the floor, the bones having turned to dust.

Halfway around the cavern we came upon a hundred or more alabaster boxes, ranked like cordwood along the wall. Each was coffin-shaped and about eighteen inches long. I passed the slush lamp to Escala and had her hold it high while I inserted my pick under the lid of one of the top boxes. The cover came off and I craned my neck to look inside.

"God Almighty!" I swore—and kept on swearing.

The box was filled with gold—gold in beautiful yellow ingots.

I lifted one out—it weighed a full ten pounds—and showed it to Escala, telling her that we were rich beyond all dreams.

"We're millionaires! Don't you understand? Millionaires!"

And I whooped and danced in the dust of the dead smiths whose handiwork I held.

Escala was trembling so violently that she almost dropped the lamp. "Geta, you are bewitched! Do not touch the dahab! There is a curse on it. Come—please come away!"

"Shut up, fool!" I snarled, a brute gone mad. "Take these ingots as I hand them down."

With an explosion of the consequences of the murderous Princess Goorksa's jealousy of Escala, Marriage Drums will be concluded in Liberty next week.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 25

1—An insurrection in western Pennsylvania in 1794, caused by an attempt to suppress illicit liquor distillation.

2—South Dakota.

3—San Marino, founded in the fourth century, and is but thirty-eight miles square.

4—Soldiers or partisans of the South in the Civil War.

5—John Adams.

6—Mrs. Frances Brooke's Emily Montague, published in 1769.

7—A valuable ore of zinc, commonly known as the red oxide of that metal.

8—British Columbia.

9—The Stourbridge Lion, built in England and put in service in 1829.

10—Washington.

11—It is $20,500 a year.

12—The United States.

13—A member of a legislative chamber assigned by party leaders to the task of rounding up members of the party to insure their vote on important measures.

14—The wanton destruction of property of employers by employees.

15—A leader of the modern Russian school of musical composition.

16—Edward I, 1272-1307.

17—Quebec, from the almost impregnable heights upon which the city stands.

18—A form of verse in which the first letters of the lines form a word, usually a name.

19—Portugal.

20—The King of Denmark's jester, mentioned in Shakespeare's Hamlet.

Answer to Chocolate Vitavose question on page 25—*Very often poor appetite may be a sign of too little Vitamin B.*

• Entirely different from the chocolate drinks you've tried!

Ordinary chocolate milk drinks can't build up your child's appetite like this drink that contains extract of wheat embryo in which Vitamin B is stored.

Chocolate flavored Vitavose is the *only* chocolate drink prepared from this appetite-building source.

Use it in preference to powders and syrups which merely flavor milk. Remember — Chocolate flavored Vitavose helps build appetite and weight. It contains *extra* nourishment for your child.

SPECIAL OFFER TO MOTHERS!

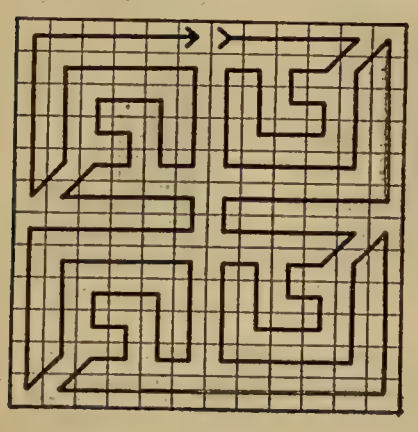
SQUIBB CHOCOLATE FLAVORED VITAVOSE

E. R. Squibb & Sons, Dept. 54, 745 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me sample of Chocolate flavored Vitavose and booklet "Understanding the Child Who Won't Eat." I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....



YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message:
When Pablo Waberski, who traveled on a Russian passport, crossed the Mexican border into the United States, we arrested him and found a mysterious cipher among his belongings.

Vox

That Jungle Heat Must Have Shrunken the Colonel

BRYN MAWR, PA.—Why not remove the desks from the editors' office and in their stead place nice soft beds, for all must have been sound asleep when Trude Takes a Tumble, by John Lebar,

slipped through the office and into the May 6 issue.

"Colonel Butterworth was a military man, five feet three."

Whoever saw any such animal on the parade grounds at West Point?

"Col. H. H. Butterworth, U. S. A., Retired." The "U" may have been a misprint for a "B," as his description fits B. S. A. (Boy Scouts of America).

Give poor Lacy a break. He is called a flyer, but is classed as a punk when he is made to fly by night so low over the jungle that this punk, Cyril, can distinguish shadows thrown on the side of a tent.

Any flyer has the guts to fly such a mission in time of war or for any worthy cause, but such army men as the two described would make the army mascot "heehaw." Liberty is a dandy magazine, and "To err is human."—*Edward H. Knausz.*

Sh! Poor Willie

OTTAWA, ONT.—Liberty, you've rung the old bell again! Your serial by Octavus Roy Cohen—Scarlet Woman—is a knockout.

But while you are doing one good job it's too bad to see another running down at the heel. I refer to that slop allegedly written by the German Crown Prince.

Don't you think you have gone just about far enough with him? I'll admit that in spots it was interesting reading, but only in spots.

As for the rest, it smells an awful lot like propaganda, and as a Canadian I wonder if there are not a great many others who think the same way about it.

No, I am not prejudiced. The war was over long ago. And the sooner we get its consequences righted the better for all concerned.—*Ex-Soldier.*

More Potters and Less Potsdam

TORONTO, ONT.—Why'n'ell don't you give us some more of the Potter family?

In my humble opinion this snappy blow-by-blow report of the doings of a family which has its counterpart on probably every street in Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, is the best thing I've seen in your weekly for a long time.

A little or a lot less of the braggart of Potsdam and his ilk and more of J. P. McEvoy and the Potters and I'm with you 100 per cent in Canadian funds.

As it is, I've had only five cents' worth in the last two bits I've spent on you. So come across with more of the Potters.—*Phil O'Meara.*

Just Giving the Girls a Break

ALLISON, IOWA—Say, Liberty, what kind of a female parade are you putting on? First you run The Woman Accused, then comes Woman in the Dark, and next Scarlet Woman. Is it supposed to be some sort of sequence, or what? You see, first she's accused, then she's in the dark (probably thrown in a dungeon), and next she's scarlet (well, she probably sees red). It's all too darn' effeminate for me.—*Dizzy Dorsal.*

A Woman Doctor Takes Up the Cudgels Against Dr. Hagedorn

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Apropos the article in Liberty of May 6 by Dr. Fred H. Hagedorn, allow me to call your attention to confusion and distortion of facts.

Dr. F. H. Hagedorn insinuates that Germany is justified in her attitude toward her Jewish population because "there always were a few intellectuals among them who recognized no obligation to the state."

Dr. Edith Lutzato

That Jews held various offices out of proportion to their numerical strength in the German Republic seems to be no reason for persecuting them.

Dr. F. H. Hagedorn's statement that no one protests the weeding out of aliens by the United States is no analogy to present conditions in Germany. The United States weeds out criminals, imbeciles, etc., but Germany persecutes Jews who are guilty only of worshiping God in a way different from Hitlerites.

The Madison Square Garden meeting did not demand that non-citizens should be allowed to remain in Germany—the speakers stressed the fact that Germany won't allow the Jews to leave, nor take their money with them. Dr. Hagedorn's statement that the ills which befell the Jews in Germany were due to protests of United States citizens is false, since the protest followed the atrocities.—*Dr. Edith Lutzato.*

Legionnaire 1384 Gets Peeved at Colonel Frank Evans

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Will you permit a few questions regarding Colonel Frank E. Evans's visit to the French Foreign Legion in Morocco, as described in his article, Wine, Women, War, and Work, in your issue of April 8? What did he expect to find on an *official* inspection? A brutal sergeant in the act of flogging some poor devil of a Legionnaire? Did he think to find the men all nicely liquored up for his official visit? Is it not conceivable that for such an official inspection as he conducted everything would be specially prepared for his admiring eyes? Is not that the way of *all* armies when distinguished officers are going the rounds? Has he served in the American marines for thirty years without learning that elemental fact?

In heaven's name, what did this gallant officer hope to find? A parade of men with whip-scarred backs and torn flesh? Is it not strange that he does not say one word about the cells anywhere in his article? No, colonel. It won't do. You tell them to the marines.—*Ex-Legionnaire 1384.*

Harsh Words from a Dry

TULSA, OKLA.—I quote Mrs. V. Martiney in Vox Pop, May 6. "We young wets are in on this fight to the last ditch." Maybe it was a printer's error but I think that last word should have been "gutter." That's where the wets have always done their fighting.—*W. S. Gardner.*

Send Them In

FORDS, N. J.—This is not a complaint against Liberty but against my fool luck, or rather, unluckiness. I am a title-contest fan, and write down on a scrap of paper several titles, finally picking out and sending in the one I think is best. Well, for the March 25

title I sent in what I thought was a winner, and discarded the very identical words which won first prize. Will somebody please give me a good swift kick in the—pants?—*W. D. Maier.*

POP

It's Easy to See Who Is Boss in Your Family

RACINE, WIS.—Only a line to inform you how very popular your magazine is way up here.

Each week my husband buys a Liberty for people who come in his soft-drink parlor to read. I manage to read possibly three pages, and lo!—someone has taken our Liberty for a walk. We

do well if we get by on twenty or twenty-five cents' worth of Liberty per week.

On a Saturday morning my husband bought one; that afternoon it went for a walk.

Sunday night we decided to stay home and read the funnies. I set up a howl for a Liberty. My husband bought another. About ten minutes before closing time my husband called his hand and informed said bum there was no living with me without that darned book. The valuable little piece of refreshment was smilingly returned. Now all is peaceful and calm in our once stormy household.—*Mrs. Rudy K.*

Try This on Your Piano

FORT WORTH, TEX.—When I handed the copy of the Liberty for May 6 to my roommate, a Japanese student from Tokyo, he started to read the article Can Our West Coast Be Invaded? by Captain Myron B. Goldsmith. When he came to the picture series on page 7 of the article, he started laughing as though he would fall over. He told me that the Japanese writing to the left in the margin of the picture was exactly backward. The left part of the characters was printed on the right side, and *vice versa*. The inclosed card is the printing as he said it should be.—*George Graham.*

奉祝少年武者隊

An American Legion Official Takes a Swing at a Veterans' Critic

THOMASVILLE, GA.—This will no doubt be one of thousands of letters to be received by you in reply to the outburst of one John D. Lane, M.D., of Bennington, Vermont, in Vox Pop of May 27.

When the dear doctor sees fit to attack the American Legion because of its efforts in behalf of its wounded and disabled comrades whose sacrifices made possible the "gravy train" upon which the said doctor has, by his own statement, been riding for the past fourteen years, knowing all this time that certain claims were fraudulent, it seems to me that he should be awarded the Iron Cross for his consistency.

Perhaps the doctor's ten dollars per hour are in jeopardy, hence his noble effort on behalf of his country at the expense of the men drawing the magnificent sum of twelve to twenty-four dollars per month.

We all admit the presence of undeserving cases on the rolls of the Veterans' Administration and we are also aware of the hundreds of high-priced bloodsucking parasites who have by political pull and otherwise attached themselves to every Veterans' Administration office.—*H. Wimpy, Service Officer, Post Thirty-one.*

Bob Ought to Know

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Mr. John Hix, writing in Liberty of May 13 in regard to freak plays in baseball, tells where Joe Bush pitched one ball and lost the game for St. Louis in a game with Cleveland, going in as a relief pitcher with the bases full, and with the batter hitting a triple to clean the bases and win the game.

Bob Pigue

Bush would not get credit for losing the game, as all the three runs scored would be charged to the pitcher who put them on base; so in this case Davis, the starting St. Louis pitcher, would get credit for the loss of the game and not Bush. Mr. Hix's story was great, but he'll have to be charged with an error in this one instance.—*Bob Pigue, Sports Editor, Memphis Press-Scimitar and Official Scorer for Southern League.*

Rob Wagner's Public

ABERDEEN, S. D.—Pul-lease, pul-lease, tell Mr. Rob Wagner to go see the Subs, Sobs, and Sex for himself. After reading his review of Today We Live I'm convinced he sends his little six-year-old to see them, as he couldn't possibly get it so balled up all by himself. He has the brother as the lover and the lover as the brother, or is that close enough? If so, skip it.—*Ruth E. Enstrom.*

SANTA FE, N. M.—I only got one thing to say: Rob Wagner is screwy like a peanut. Nuts! to Rob Wagner. That's all, folks.—*L. D. Roly.*

From Present Indications Atlanta Looks Forward to a Big Summer Season

ST. JOSEPH, MICH.—I sure enjoyed reading the series about Marie Dressler's life in Liberty. She is wonderful in the movies and her way of living. I believe she enjoys living and always has, whether she has plenty of money or not.

W. M. Brown

I also enjoyed the articles entitled The Inside on the Banking Investigations, by F. H. La Guardia.

I guess he sure told the whole inside of the story. I would say there is a bunch of them that should be in Atlanta for a vacation.—*W. M. Brown.*

A Little Help from the Side Line

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—If you don't cut down on your serials you're gonna lose a reader. You have four of these space killers in your issue of April 22. Give us short stories and not a book full of long-winded novels.—*Pete.*

The Readers Are Snowed Under with Thousands of Scripts—Have a Heart!

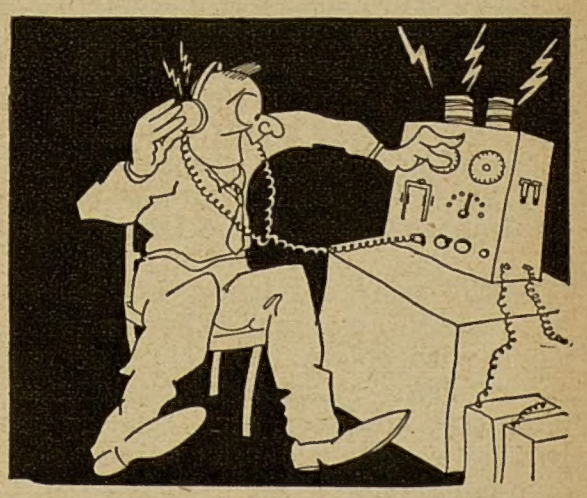
ELYRIA, OHIO—Why not tell your anxious readers when you will announce winners in the prize story contest? We're waiting!—*H. Burton.*

What the Air Waves Are Saying

SEATTLE, WASH.—I am an ardent booster of Liberty, and being a radio amateur I was anxious to hear what my fellow amateurs thought of your magazine.

And here's the answer!

While working a fellow on short wave and after the usual run of conversation was ended, I asked him, "What is the

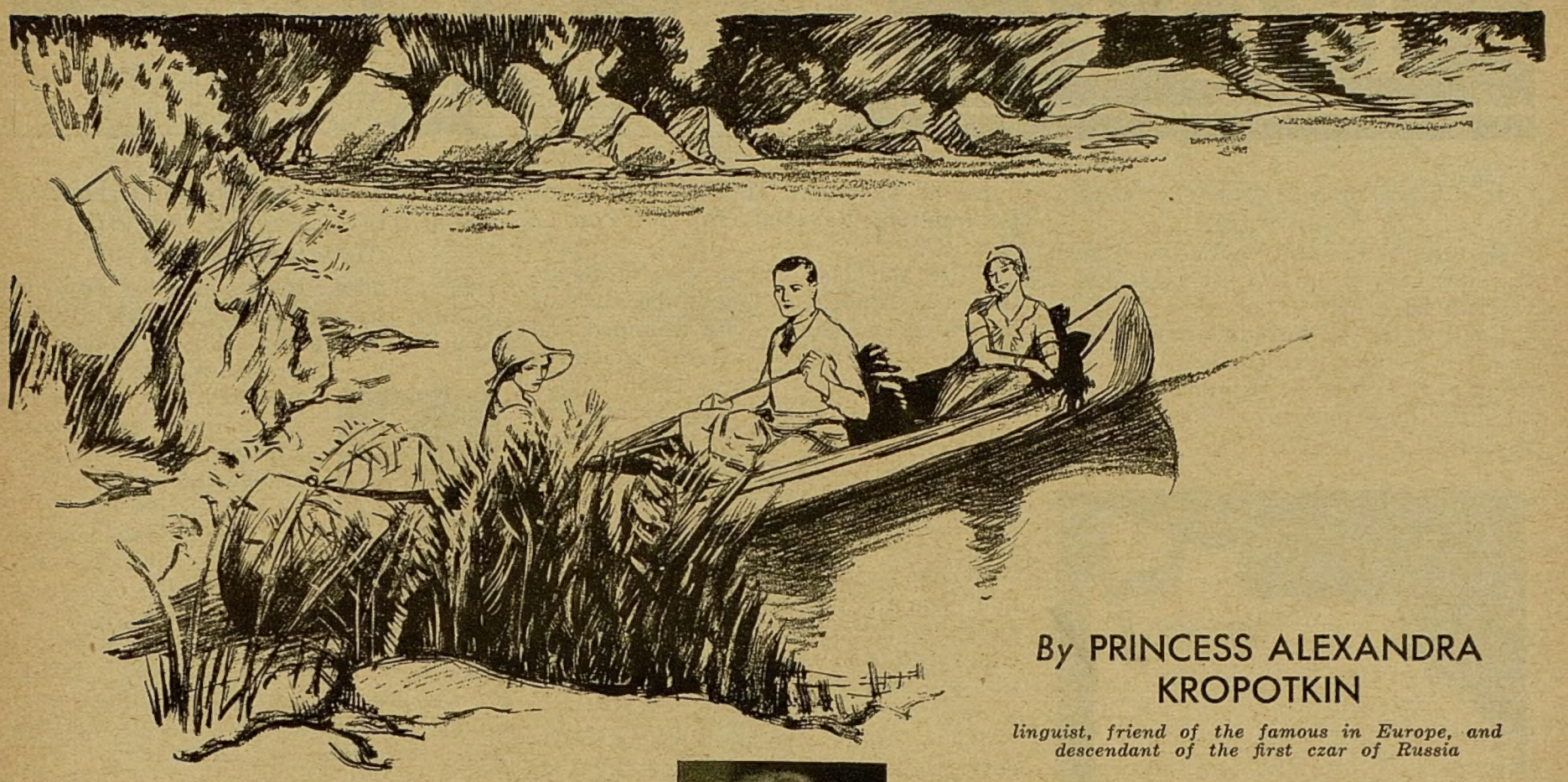


best, slickest, funniest, noisiest, best read weekly magazine ever published?"

And the answer came, slow but distinct, "Liberty."

And he was right, yowzah.—*Walter J. Mattson.*

TO THE LADIES!



By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

WITH her children and a boatload of furniture, Ruth Bryan Owen has gone to Denmark as our first lady ambassador. Mrs. Owen is interested in antiques as well as diplomacy. That they go nicely together was demonstrated by a story she told me a few days before she sailed. She said:

" A friend of mine uses an antique map to get rid of visitors who stay too long. The map hangs on the wall near the door. When callers overstay my friend mentions the old map. They get up to look at it—suggestion does the rest. There's the door right beside it. Out they go! "

That was a good trick for an ambassadress to know, I thought, but Mrs. Owen said she doesn't use it herself!

Daughter of William Jennings Bryan, she began keeping an eye on Congress when she was five years old. Reported Senate speeches for her father when she was eleven. Later became his secretary.

" The dome of the Capitol was my landmark all through childhood," she said. " At home, in Washington, I played my kid games in a room where the dome could be seen from the window. I didn't like to let it out of my sight."

With her father a statesman, her mother one of the first woman lawyers in this country, Ruth Bryan learned a great deal about purposeful entertaining. She thinks eight guests make the ideal number for a dinner party. Getting politicians together, she tries to blend those who have some hobby or artistic taste in common.

Two years ago Mrs. Owen and her children went gypsy caravaning all over Denmark. Consequently she has lots of Danish friends. They are delighted to have her back as Ambassadress of the United States.

SOME people I know are playing a new game. I think it's amusing. They and their friends match emotions with colors. On slips of paper they write what color " love " suggests to their mind's eye; what color is hate, joy, kindness, etc. Sounds pretty silly, doesn't it? But the results are quite surprising. Most women think love is pale blue. Men say it's red, bright blue, or white. Women say yellow or blue for hatred. Men say black.

This game starts a lot of arguments, and is supposed to reveal character.

WHAT can a woman do about a cast-off husband who keeps coming back to her for sympathy? My attention has just been called to an extraordinary case.

Ruth Bryan Owen

This man and woman loved each other; she left him because of his thoughtless, casual affairs with other women. He was a weakling.

Divorced, she married again. Life with her new husband is completely gratifying. They have children, a fine home. She feels happy and secure.

Now a disturbing thing has happened. Husband No. 1 has come back—and this is the aspect of his return:

He has not come back passionately; he has come demanding nothing, neither love nor respect. As a child worn out by its own folly, he has come back asking only for the kindness of remembered love.

" I don't want him," she says. " I am busy and happy. Why should he flaunt my dead youth in my face? He knows it is hard for me to turn him away, because we were lovers once, and I am sentimental. Why should he take advantage? Why must he warm the bones of his failure at the little fire of my content? "

Probably this strange story has no parallel among you. I hope not. I just thought it was human enough to be worth telling for its own sake.

GET married in Yugoslavia, and you can honeymoon all over the place for half fare. The Yugoslav railroads extend this courtesy to foreign newlyweds as well as the domestic product.

I know two dentists (who doesn't know two dentists?) who have a fine time traveling around this country nowadays.

They work hard on other people's teeth for a month or so, then they jump into their automobile and go touring for a month or so. Now is a great time to travel, they say. Hotels are cheap. Everything's down.

I guess that's the only connection you can find between my Yugoslav honeymooning and my dental globe trotters. Reduced rates. A good summer to go somewhere.

JAPANESE laborers often get up half an hour earlier than they need to at this time of year. They do it in order to look at a blossoming lily pond on their way to work. They are poor men. Uneducated. In their wage scale a half hour's time represents the price of hard-won necessities or hard-won rest. Yet these Japanese workingmen are so in love with beauty that they count the time well lost if they can spend it silently enjoying the sight of a lovely flower in a lovely landscape.

That's what I call culture.

"I'm Sorry I'm an Hour Late, But–"

YOU CAN WIN A SHARE OF

$250

IN CASH AWARDS

By Writing a Humorous Ending for This Phony Excuse

WHAT'S your idea of the most laughable completion of the excuse begun at the top of this page? Enter it, and if the judges agree with you a check for $50 will be your reward. If you send in the second best entry you'll receive a check for $25. You have sixty-two other chances to get into the money this week. A total of $250 will be awarded. If you enter, your chance to win a share of the awards is just as good as anyone's.

The excuse begins with these words:

"I'm sorry I'm an hour late, but—"

What would you say in a case like this?

To compete, end the excuse in not more than twenty-five additional words, making it as laughably entertaining as you can. Then read the brief rules for directions on preparing and filing your entry. Make sure that you include with your excuse a brief statement of what appealed to you most in this issue.

Despite repeated warnings many readers continue to file entries with incomplete names and addresses. Naturally an entry without a name and legible mail address cannot be considered official. If you are not sure that your signature is plainly readable we suggest that you print it to avoid mistakes.

If you entered the Cover Title Contest for the issue dated May 6, you will be interested in reading the announcement of the winners of that competition which is published in a preceding page of this issue. Winners of this week's contest will be announced in the first available issue and the sixty-four checks will be mailed at approximately the same time.

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$50

SECOND PRIZE
$25

THIRD PRIZE
$15

FOURTH PRIZE
$10

TEN PRIZES, EACH
$5

FIFTY PRIZES, EACH
$2

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Complete the Phony Excuse begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

In order of their excellence on this basis prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

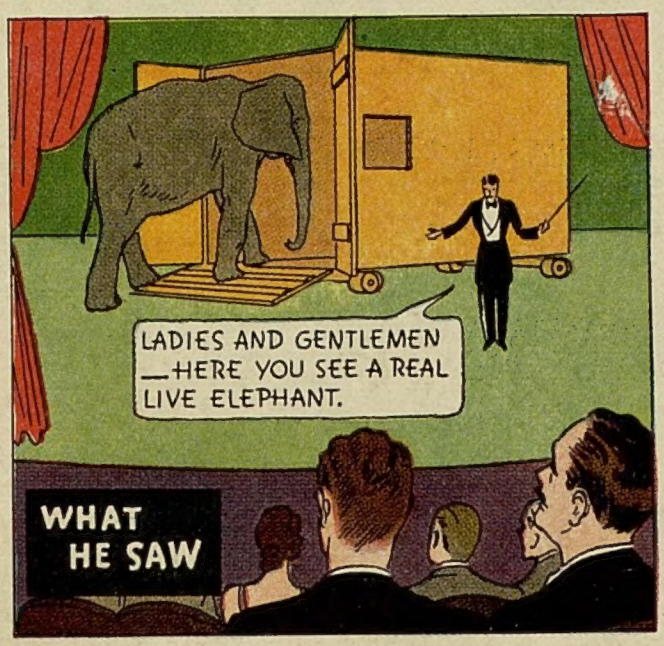
Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, July 3.

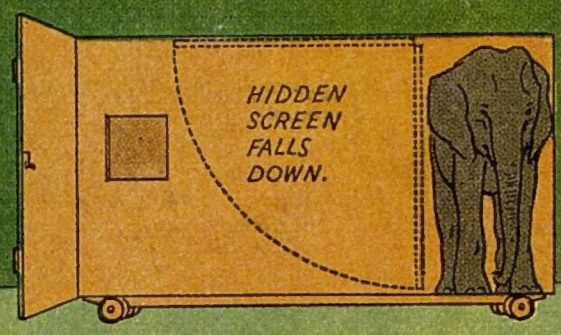
NEXT WEEK ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN A SHARE OF $250 IN CASH PRIZES. DON'T NEGLECT IT.

IT'S FUN TO BE FOOLED

Sensational Magic Act
NOW PLAYING
The DISAPPEARING ELEPHANT



Where oh where is the Elephant?



—JUMBO IS MARCHED INTO A HUGE BOX, PLACED CROSS-WISE AT THE BACK WITH A SCREEN DROPPED BETWEEN HIM AND THE MAIN ROOM. THE PEOPLE THINK THAT THE BOX IS SMALLER THAN IT IS AND THAT THE ELEPHANT IS BIGGER THAN HE IS.

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE THAT TRICK. MAGICIANS CERTAINLY ARE CLEVER, BOB. HAVE A CIGARETTE?
NO— THAT KIND TASTES INSIPID. THAT'S NOT MILDNESS. IT'S AN ILLUSION—LIKE THE VANISHED ELEPHANT!

—IT'S MORE FUN TO KNOW

If you value mildness, good taste, smoothness, choose your cigarettes by the quality of the tobaccos used... Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

NO TRICKS IN CAMELS—JUST COSTLIER TOBACCOS